

THE LIVING AGE.

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| From Beginning
Vol. COXLIII.

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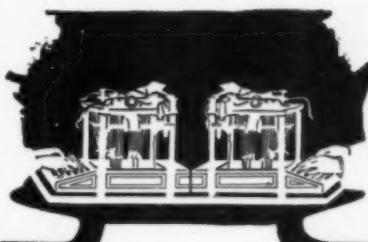
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FROM BEGINNING
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THE DIFFICULTY OF PREACHING SERMONS.

Few things are more curious than the attitude of ordinary Church-going men and women towards sermons. They criticise sermons and complain of them, they insist upon the poverty and foolishness of them, they declaim against them as doing little good, and sometimes as doing positive harm. Yet if anything is certain in the religious life of Protestant England, it is that a sermon possesses a strangely attractive influence upon the minds and spirits of the very persons who abuse it. "There are perhaps few institutions in modern life," says Professor Mahaffy in his essay on *The Decay of Modern Preaching*, "more universally accepted, and at the same time decried, than that of preaching." The orthodox soul feels at times that something is wanting even to a musical service in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, unless a sermon forms part of it. Perhaps the truth is that, if the world does not like sermons, yet somehow it seems to like disliking them.

Criticism, even unjust criticism, is not a bad thing for most people. Certainly it is not a bad thing for the clergy. Outside the Church they meet

objection and opposition, but within it they are autocrats. It is their perilous prerogative to address in church men and women, who are often their intellectual superiors, upon the highest of all themes, without any fear of contradiction. It can hardly be a matter of surprise that, if no one overtly disagrees with their arguments or conclusions, they should come to look upon disagreement as unreasonable. But many a congregation avenges itself for the enforced silence which prevails during the sermon by vigorous animadversion upon it when it is finished. The people who sit under the preacher within the church not infrequently sit upon him in the churchyard.

Yet it is possible that Christians laymen would be more lenient critics of sermons, if they realized how hard a thing it is to preach. Good speaking is rare enough, but good preaching is, and must be, rarer. For if the sermon be regarded merely as a mode of human oratory, it is of all modes the one which makes the largest demand upon the intellectual and spiritual faculties of the orator.

One reason is that, however many

sermons are preached, their subject is practically the same; it may be treated in many ways and in many manners, but it is one. "The old, old story," beautiful and sacred as it is in itself, lacks and cannot but lack the special interest of novelty. What a preacher says, and must say, to-day, has been said by thousands of lips in thousands of ways during nineteen centuries. When a statesman addresses a public audience it is generally in his power to communicate fresh information, or to originate criticism upon information lately given, or to conduct an argument about it, to start a policy, or set it out in a new light, or recommend it by new arguments or urge new reasons against it. There is an air of expectation and excitement in the looks of men as they enter a hall to listen to a speech at a time of strong political feeling; they are eager to know what a particular statesman will tell them about the topic of the hour. But the theme of a sermon is already familiar; that it is important, august, and sublime is perfectly true—*omnia magna quæ dicimus*, as Augustine says—but it is not novel. All that the most original of preachers can aspire to do is to shed a little fresh light upon well-known and well-worn truths.

No doubt there have been times when the Gospel came to men as something new. It was so, of course, in Apostolic days. It has been so when an age of religious enthusiasm has succeeded an age of religious indifference. Luther, and the other great Reformers, arrested attention as much by the novelty as by the fervor of their convictions. Wesley and Whitefield, in the era of the Methodist revival, enjoyed the advantage of preaching the terrors of the Law and the promises of the Gospel to people who welcomed the message as something strange and startling, something which they had never heard before or had wholly for-

gotten and felt to come upon their minds and consciences as a revelation. For the preaching of conversion to souls which have lost the thought of God always suggests and often effects a novel experience. It is told of Louis the Fourteenth that one day he asked the poet Boileau what kind of preacher was a certain ecclesiastic whom all the Parisian world at the time was running after. Boileau replied, "Votre Majesté sait qu'on court toujours à la nouveauté, c'est un prédicateur qui prêche l'Evangile."

But this is a state of things happily rare; it occurs only now and then in the crises of the Church. For the most part men and women are not surprised by the novelty, but rather wearied by the familiarity of the preacher's message. Yet he must preach, and must preach every Sunday; and, however weary or languid he may be, must try to preach as though his whole heart were in his sermon.

But that every ordained clergyman should preach sermons was not at all the idea of the primitive Church. It seems that the first regular preachers were the bishops. They could, and they alone ordinarily did, preach; but it was in their power to confer the privilege or impose the duty of preaching upon others. Thus Augustine, although he himself argues that it was the proper office of the bishop to preach, was, as his biographer relates, the first presbyter of the African Church who delivered a sermon in the presence of the bishop. Jerome stood up for the rights of the presbyters to preach; it was "a very bad custom," he said, "in certain churches," that the right of preaching should be denied them. Deacons, however, were never allowed to preach except in rare and special circumstances. But it is related by the ecclesiastical historian Eusebius that Origen was invited as a layman by Alexander, the Bishop of

Jerusalem, to preach before him. If so, Origen, who was often an innovator, may be regarded as the prototype of licensed lay preachers.

But whatever may have been the nature and number of the exceptions in primitive or even in mediaeval times, preaching did not become the regular function of all ordained ministers until the Reformation. It was then that bishops, priests, deacons, pastors, ministers, all alike began to preach, and to preach with almost equal frequency; preaching in fact became everybody's business.

The Reformation introduced many ecclesiastical changes, and among them a change in the use of the pulpit. It invested preaching with a new importance. The pulpit took the place of the altar. Every clergyman and minister of religion became a preacher. The office of preaching, which in the Roman Church was and is more or less limited to certain orders of preachers, was usurped by the clergy generally. To preach became the one thing, or the chief thing, which the clergy could do for their people, as the one thing, or the chief thing, had been in the old days to offer sacrifice. It follows that clergy of very various gifts and attainments have been expected from Sunday to Sunday to deliver sermons of their own composition upon the great verities of the Gospel. But where everybody preaches there will be many bad preachers; where sermons are many even good sermons will lose their flavor. In the interest then of the clergy, no less than of the laity, it would be well to diminish the number of the sermons. Not the most richly endowed of human beings could preach well as often as the most ordinary clergyman is, in modern times, expected to preach. It was a favorite saying of Bishop Andrewes that he who preached twice in a week "prated once." How hard then is the fate of a vicar or

curate, infinitely below Bishop Andrewes in learning, facility, and experience, if he has to preach three or four sermons a week, or, as I have known, eight or ten sermons in Holy Week! Such a multiplication of sermons is not only a burden upon preachers and hearers alike, but it falsifies the idea of public worship; for the true end of worship is not preaching but devotion. The worshipper who is never happy at divine service without a sermon has not yet adequately learned what worship is. It is possible to pray at all times, but it is not possible to preach often. The tacit understanding which binds the clergy to frequent preaching renders the difficult office of the pulpit doubly difficult.

For it must be remembered that preaching is speaking without certain helps which are generally conceded to secular oratory. I do not say that preaching could or ought to avail itself of these helps, but only that, because it lacks them, it is more difficult. It is the difficulty of preaching which is my subject.

There is no doubt that a good many sermons are dreadfully dull. But it is an element in the difficulty of preaching that clergymen, in preparing and delivering their sermons, are practically debarred from adopting some accepted oratorical means. Thus the use of humor in a sermon is almost unknown within the Church of England. Non-conformist preachers like the late Mr. Spurgeon have sometimes employed humor in their sermons with striking effect. When he preached (if the story is true) upon the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford, and asked where it was possible to find martyrs at the present day, and suggested that, if the bishops and clergy of the Church of England were the martyrs, they would be sure to burn well, they were so dry, he resorted to a device which might or might not be allowed and approved by his own

congregation, but would certainly grate upon the critical taste of Churchmen. "To be amusing in the pulpit is a great crime," says Professor Mahaffy, who seems to regret that it is not open to preachers to appeal to "that peculiar human faculty, the faculty of laughter." But the use of humor in sermons is a dangerous weapon. It is more likely to create offence than to excite piety, and the clergy of the Church of England have wisely agreed to forego it. For where one orator possesses the subtle tact of knowing when to raise a laugh and how to check it in his congregation, and of employing merriment in such a way as to leave no sense of incongruity or irreverence behind it, it is probable that ten men in the exercise of humor will do harm rather than good, and will destroy or diminish the moving power of their own exhortations. There have, however, been times when the clergy of the Church of England have not scrupled to insert humorous passages in their sermons. If it were necessary to specify a humorous preacher, although his humor was of a coarser grain than would be allowed to any preacher in the present day, I think I should mention Dr. South. It will be enough to cite one instance of his humorous style. In a sermon which he preached at Westminster Abbey on the 22nd of February, 1684, from Proverbs xvi. 33—"The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord"—he dwelt upon "those vast and stupendious encreases of fortune that have followed the small despicable beginnings of some things and persons." Then he continued in the following strain:

Who that had lookt upon Agathocles first handling the Clay and making Pots under his Father, and afterwards turning Robber, could have thought that from such a condition he should come to be King of Sicily? Who that

had seen *Masaniello* a poor Fisherman, with his Red Cap and his Angle, could have reckon'd it possible to see such a pitiful thing within a week after shining in his Cloth of Gold, and with a word or a nod absolutely commanding the whole City of Naples? And who that had beheld such a Bankrupt beggarly fellow as *Cromwell* first entering Parliament House with a threadbare torn Cloak, and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected that in the space of so few years he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the Throne, be invested in the Royal Robes and want nothing of the state of the King but the change of his Hat into a Crown?

King Charles the Second was an auditor of that sermon; he burst out laughing as he listened to it and said, turning to Lord Rochester, "Ods fish, Lory, your Chaplain must be a Bishop; therefore put me in mind of him at the next death." But he himself was the next to die, and South never became a bishop. Such humor is as much out of date as out of taste; it is rather a warning than an example to preachers, and few critics of sermons will be found to regret that modern preachers have ceased to be humorists of the school of Dr. South.

Again, the art of preaching, difficult as it is in itself, is made still more difficult by the unbroken silence in which congregations listen to sermons. Time was when sermons, like speeches, were subject to interruption, as Chrysostom's were, for example, at Constantinople, and the interruption, if it was disturbing, was enlivening. There is, indeed, a story that Chrysostom once preached a sermon against the practice of applauding preachers by clapping of hands and stamping of feet, and that his congregation received even that sermon with applause. But piety, or perhaps decorum, has long since forbidden the ex-

pression of approval or dissent in churches. It would be thought a strange thing that anyone listening to a sermon should cry "Hear, hear" or "No, no." Such ejaculations are wholly undesirable; they are fatal to reverence. But the absence of them enhances the difficulty of preaching. For when an audience gives no visible or audible sign of emotion, how can a speaker tell what the effect of his words is, or whether they have any effect at all? The secular speaker knows more or less if he is in touch with his hearers, but a preacher never knows. For half an hour or perhaps three-quarters of an hour he addresses an audience which seems to be utterly apathetic or indifferent. It is true, indeed, that a preacher who reads his sermon from a manuscript is less dependent upon the sympathy of the congregation than he who preaches, as the phrase is, *ex tempore*. But all preachers, and extemporeaneous preachers most of all, would sometimes be thankful if their sermons could evoke at least some sign of sympathy, or even of dissent. They could not, indeed, or would not, use the interruption as political orators use it, for quick rejoinder or repartee; but it would suggest something that they ought to say but had not thought of saying, it would help them to make their meaning more lucid and more persuasive; at all events it would give them time to take breath. So essential to oratory are regular breathing-spaces, that in theatres it has often been found necessary to organize applause. The explanation of the *claque* in French theatres is that actors cannot speak their parts with comfort unless they know that at stated intervals they will get opportunities of recovering themselves by a brief pause. Such opportunities political orators create for themselves. But to speak for considerable length without eliciting a single sign of favor or disfavor, and so to speak as

not to weary a critical audience, is one of the hardest oratorical tasks which could be imposed upon anybody, and it is imposed every week upon the clergy.

Sermons, too, like speeches, if adapted to the public taste, must vary greatly at different times. The sermons of one nation are distasteful or displeasing to another. No English congregation would have listened to such sermons as used to be popular in the Presbyterian churches of Scotland. There is, indeed, a story told of a dissenting preacher named Lobb in the seventeenth century who, when South went to hear him, "being mounted up in the pulpit and naming his text, made nothing of splitting it up into twenty-six divisions, upon which separately he very carefully undertook to expatiate in their order. Thereupon the doctor rose up, and jogging the friend who bore him company, said: 'Let us go home and fetch our gowns and slippers, for I find this man will make night work of it.'" But Mr. Lobb himself was humane in the pulpit as compared to a certain Mr. Thomas Boston, to whose sermons Sir Archibald Geikie has lately drawn attention in his fascinating *Scottish Reminiscences*. Mr. Thomas Boston, who wrote a book called *Primitiae et Ultima*, was minister of the Gospel at Ettrick. In a sermon on "Fear and Hope, Objects of the Divine Complacency," from the text Psalm cxlvii. 11—"The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him and in those that hope in His mercy"—Mr. Boston, "after an introduction in four sections, deduced six doctrines, each sub-divided into from three to eight heads; but the last doctrine required another sermon which contained 'a practical improvement of the whole,' arranged under eighty-six heads. A sermon on Matthew xi. 28 was subdivided into seventy-six heads"; on this text, indeed, Mr. Boston preached four such sermons. It is more than

doubtful whether any brains or hearts south of the Tweed could have stood the strain of such discourses. But a Scotch preacher, not in the present degenerate age, has been known to preach from five to six hours at a stretch, and sometimes, when one preacher had finished his sermon another would begin, and there would be a succession of preachers delivering sermon upon sermon, until the unhappy congregations were kept listening to "the Word" for as many as ten hours without a break. No sermons ever preached in England can compare with these. It is told, however, to the credit of an English congregation, that Bishop Burnet once preached with an hour-glass at his side, and, when the sands in the hour-glass had run out, he was requested to turn it upside down and preach another hour. And there may be at the present time a certain interest attaching to a contemporary account of one of the fast-days connected with the framing of the Westminster Confession of Faith. "After Dr. Twisse had begun with a brief prayer, Mr. Marshall prayed large two hours most divinely. . . . After, Mr. Arrowsmith preached an hour, then a psalm; thereafter, Mr. Vines prayed near two hours, and Mr. Palmer preached an hour, and Mr. Seaman prayed near two hours, then a psalm. After, Mr. Henderson brought them to a short, sweet conference of the heat confessed in the assembly, and other seen faults, to be remedied, and the conveniency to preach against all sects, especially Anabaptists and Antinomians."

But upon the whole the judgment of modern times is not unreasonably adverse to long sermons. Life is short; but many things in it, and sermons among them, are apt to be too long. Life is busy, too, nowadays; I do not think any religious service should exceed an hour and a half, or any sermon should exceed half an hour. As a rule,

sermons gain point and power by compression. It is a wise saying of St. François de Sales: "Plus vous direz, moins on retiendra. Moins vous direz, plus on profitera. . . . A force de charger la mémoire d'un auditeur on la démolit: comme l'on esteint les lampes quand on y met trop d'huile; on suffoque les plantes quand on les arrose desmesurément. Quand un discours est trop long, la fin fait oublier le milieu, et le milieu le commencement."

But it is not only in regard to the length of sermons that the public taste has undergone a change. If I may specify four celebrated preachers of the Church of England—Bishop Andrewes, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Dr. South, and Bishop Butler—it is safe to say that there is not one of them whose sermons would be appreciated or perhaps tolerated at the present day. Let me take as an example the sermons of Jeremy Taylor. Bishop Heber has passed a sound criticism upon them in the preface to his edition of the works of Jeremy Taylor. It will be enough to quote the following remarks:

It may still more excite our wonder that such sermons as these should have been addressed to any but an audience exclusively academical. A University alone and a University of no ordinary erudition appears the fit theatre for discourses crowded as these are with quotations from the classics and the Fathers, with allusions to the most recondite topics of moral and natural philosophy, with illustrations drawn from all the arts and sciences, and from history ancient and modern, clothed in language rich and harmonious indeed beyond all contemporary writers, but abounding in words of foreign extraction and in unusual applications of those which are of native origin.

Nor should I have hesitated to conclude that most of Taylor's sermons had been really composed and intended only for an academical audience, had

not the author himself informed us, in his title page and in his dedication to Lord Carbery, that they were preached at Golden Grove to the family and domestics of his patron, or at most to a few gentlemen and ladies of that secluded neighborhood, and to as many of the peasantry on the estate as could understand English.

Autres temps, autres mœurs, as Voltaire says. But it is difficult to believe that any congregation in the seventeenth century, and least of all a rural congregation, can have listened with pleasure or patience to the sermons on Christ's Advent to Judgment, or The Return of Prayers, or the Flesh and the Spirit, or the House of Feasting, or the Marriage Ring.

Yet if the character of preaching varies with the times, it is not perhaps impossible to lay down some general rules for the composition and delivery of sermons. Archbishop Magee, in a lecture on the art of preaching, divided preachers into three classes, viz.: (1) preachers you can't listen to; (2) preachers you can listen to; (3) preachers you can't help listening to. But although these three classes may exist in all ages, it does not follow that the same persons would always compose the same class. Preachers vary as much in their manners as in their gifts; and whatever is natural to a preacher is generally best for him, so long as what is natural is not understood to be what is easy. A great preacher, like a great orator, is a law to himself; but for most preachers the only true freedom is the freedom of walking at large within certain broad definite limits.

It seems to me as clear as any just rule can be that a preacher ought to write out his sermons. That there are preachers who can dispense with the use of manuscript in the pulpit does not upset this rule, but rather enforces it. Fluency or facility is a peculiar

snares to preachers, and above all to young preachers. For if a man is never at a loss for a word, if he can address a congregation at great length without any fear of breaking down, he is of all men the one who most needs the sobering discipline of committing his thoughts to paper. I have never known a preacher, not the most eloquent or the most powerful, who would not, as it seemed to me, have preached better if he would have taken the trouble to write out his sermon. Extempore preaching is apt to be, like long preaching, a form of conceit. It is essential that the preacher should say what he means to say and not something else. It is better to preach too little than too much. But the literary composition of sermons is the best safeguard against prolixity, as it is perhaps the best guarantee of orthodoxy. The rule of Cicero about oratory is still more applicable to preaching: "Caput est quod, ut vere dicam, minime facimus (est enim magni laboris, quem plerique fugimus) quam plurimum scribere."

The writing of sermons was the rule of the primitive Church. Origen is said to have set the example of extemporaneous preaching; but he did not begin it until he was past sixty years of age, and even then it was taken to indicate his wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures. His sermons were reported by *ταχυγράφοι*, or shorthand writers. Augustine, too, sometimes preached without preparation, as on one occasion when the wrong psalm was given out in Divine Worship, and he laid aside his prepared sermon and preached upon the psalm which had been read. But extemporaneous preaching may mean two separate things, either that the preacher delivers unprepared sermons, or that he delivers sermons without the use of manuscript. Of the former practice it is only possible to say with Archbishop Magee, that "un-

prepared preaching is like schism, either a necessity or a sin." But even to preach a sermon which has not been largely or entirely written out is, as it seems to me, at least in a young preacher, to forget the seriousness of preaching.

A sermon is so solemn a thing that not only every passage of it but every statement—I might almost say every sentence—demands careful consideration. It is so easy to overstate the argument, or to understate it, or to misrepresent truth by some partial ill-conceived expression, or to fall into heresy, or to say a little more or a little less than is suitable to the occasion or the circumstances.

How many a preacher who speaks on the spur of the moment wanders from his subject or becomes involved in it, or contradicts or refutes himself, or gets into a muddle with his matter, or, as has been said, has made an end of his sermon and does not know it! Scrupulous exact composition—such as Pope prescribes in his criticism of "copious Dryden," who

wanted or forgot
The last and greatest art, the art to blot—

is the only means by which a sermon, alike in its style, its character, and its length, can do such justice as the preacher is capable of doing to his high theme. It is my opinion that no sermon should represent less than six, or if possible eight hours' work; many sermons should represent more. A preacher who possesses the fatal power of droning on with unfinished sentences and undeveloped arguments, to the weariness and misery of his audience, is one of the worst enemies of the pulpit, and, I am afraid, one of the worst enemies of the Church. It were well for him to lay to heart South's trenchant phrase, "How men should thus come to make a salvation of an im-

mortal soul with such a slight extempore business, I cannot understand, and would gladly know upon whose example they ground that way of preaching."

No doubt rules are less strictly applicable to preachers who have long been occupied in the anxious and arduous duty of saving souls, than to such preachers as are immature and inexperienced. Bossuet was wont to say: "My sermon is finished, all that remains for me to do is to find the words." Yet there can hardly be too much pains spent upon the composition of a sermon. If a clergyman preaches easily, he may feel sure that he preaches badly. Rather should be spend a quarter of an hour in elaborating his sermon for every minute that he takes to deliver it.

But while the duty of careful preparation is incumbent upon all preachers, it does not seem that any absolute rule can be laid down for the delivery of sermons. There is no such evident gain in reading a sermon as in writing it. Reading adds little, perhaps nothing, to the precision of statement; but it may detract something from the energy of effect. The following words are Cardinal Newman's: "I think it is no extravagance to say that a very inferior sermon delivered without a book answers the purpose for which all sermons are delivered more perfectly than one of great merit, if it be written and read." Most people know Mrs. Oliphant's story of Edward Irving, how, in the critical hour when he was preaching his first sermon before a Scotch congregation at Annan, he happened, by some inadvertent movement, to upset the Bible in front of him and sent the manuscript of his sermon, which had lain hidden in its pages, fluttering on to the precentor's desk beneath. A rustle of excitement ran through the Church as the congregation waited to see what the

neophyte would do in such trying circumstances. But in a moment he bent his massive figure over the pulpit, grasped the manuscript as it lay, crushed it up in his hand, thrust it into his pocket, and went on preaching as fluently as before. "There does not exist," she adds, "a congregation in Scotland which this act would not have taken by storm. His success was triumphant. To criticise a man so visibly independent of 'the paper' would have been presumption indeed."

The habit of reading a sermon from manuscript may be tolerable before a cultivated congregation, it may be actually preferable in a large cathedral, where the preacher, if he is to be audible, needs all his thought for the delivery, rather than for the phraseology of his discourse; but there are congregations, especially such as are illiterate, which can scarcely be brought to believe in a sermon that is read and not spoken. Bishop Phillips Brooks, in his *Lectures on Preaching*, tells a quaint story of a backwoodsman in Virginia, who paid a bishop of the Episcopal Church the rough compliment of remarking that "he liked him; he was the first one he ever saw of those Petticoat fellows who could shoot without a rest."

It does not indeed follow that a sermon should be committed to memory. Ancient orators were in the habit of learning their speeches by heart. French and Italian preachers often learn their sermons by heart to-day. But upon the whole memory holds a less distinct and decided place in modern oratory than in ancient. It was generally assumed in classical treatises upon Rhetoric that some more or less artificial means by which a speaker could retain the thread of his subject in his mind were essential to oratory. But modern English speakers or preachers dislike the habit of learning or trying to learn their addresses by

heart, if only because when they depend upon memory for their words, their memory may fail them, and then they are wholly at a loss. Scarcely any position is more painful or more dreadful than when a preacher who has committed his sermon to memory finds in the pulpit that it has wholly vanished from him. It was the fear of such a catastrophe which led Bourdaloue—*le prédicateur des rois et le roi des prédicateurs*, as he was called—to preach with his eyes closed. Preachers less eminent than Bourdaloue have not seldom depended upon prompting. But the English feeling for simplicity or straightforwardness does not approve the presence of a prompter standing half hidden with a manuscript in his hands somewhere on the staircase of the pulpit behind the preacher's back.

Perhaps there is no better way of preaching than that which was advocated by Fénelon in the second of his well-known dialogues. It has been recommended and illustrated by famous preachers, e.g. by Dupanloup in France and Magee in England. It is that a preacher should write out his sermon in full, or almost in full, and read it over a good many times until its thoughts, and in some degree its words, have stamped themselves on his mind, and then deliver it without the aid of manuscript, or at least with no other aid than a few heads, inscribed upon a sheet of notepaper, as a means of saving him from any failure of memory. He should feel that no preliminary study can be too great for the solemn task of preaching. But if everything is prepared and nothing left to the inspiration of the moment, sermons are apt to seem lifeless and heartless. The late Mr. Spurgeon, in his *Lectures to my Students*, pokes fun at the preachers who, after imploring the Holy Spirit to prompt their utterances, would be seen slipping their hands behind their backs to draw out a care-

fully elaborated manuscript from their coat-tails. But where the sermon is written out and yet not verbally committed to memory, it is possible to unite in some degrees the qualities of thoughtfulness and liveliness, of reflection and emotion, of the responsibility which will not give to God what has not caused the preacher a strenuous effort, and of reliance upon the divine assistance promised, in the hour of speaking, to the witnesses for Christ.

There may well be, and sometimes is, an excess of art in sermons. For if the art is ostentatious it is fatal. Even a studied elocution is apt to leave a disagreeable impression, as though the preacher were thinking of something else than his high and solemn message. For where rules of oratorical delivery have been formally taught and carefully learnt, sermons may indeed be artistic; but they lose the quality which is better than art, and it is just that quality which makes the sermon real. A sermon may owe much to the preacher's skill in composing or delivering it, but the soul of the sermon is not there. The supreme quality of all sermons is the ethical. As Bishop Dupanloup says in his *Ministry of Preaching*, "Nothing is more essential to the preaching of the Word of God than a certain character of elevation." Even in secular teaching personality counts for much. The printing press has not altogether supplanted the platform or the desk. It is still true, as Socrates used to say, that books cannot answer questions, and living teachers can. It is probably the feeling for personality which has led congregations by a sure instinct to dislike and almost distrust the practice, which seems at first sight eminently reasonable, of clergymen preaching sermons other than their own. It is because the speaker or the lecturer can put himself *en rapport* with his audience, can feel their pulses, as it were, and suit their tempers, be-

cause he can impress upon them the indefinable effect of his own character, that oral teaching remains as great a force as ever. But in sermons personality is everything. It is not so much what the preacher says as what he is that makes his sermon. Personality, it is true, may affect preaching in more ways than one. A village priest, let me suppose, has lived many years among his people; his home is theirs, his interests are theirs; he has baptized the children of the village and seen them grow up, he has married them, and some of them he has laid in the grave; there is not a family whose history he does not know, there is not a cottage within whose walls he is not a welcome and frequent visitor; he has shared his people's hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows; he has been the recipient of their confidences, he is their neighbor, their adviser, their friend; he has exemplified in his rectory or vicarage what Coleridge calls "the one idyll of English life." How is it possible that they should distinguish his sermon from his life? It comes to them fraught with a thousand memories of kindness and sympathy and help in hours of need. Such a man's life is his sermon; his sermon is his life. When he enters the pulpit the congregation who listen to him care not to ask if he is eloquent or forcible in his preaching. It is enough that he is their well-known, long-tried pastor, and his sermons are stamped with the indelible impression of his ministry. Because this is so, it would undoubtedly prove a loss to take away the right of preaching from the parochial clergy and confine it to certain preaching orders. Whether these clergy preach well or ill, nobody can preach to their congregations so well as they.

But where a preacher delivers a single sermon or a series of sermons to a congregation which he has seldom or never seen before, and may not see

again, the case is different. The qualities required to impress his sermon upon men's hearts are not such as issue from association or recollection; they are personal qualities exhibited in the moment of preaching, they are independent of his life and labor in the past. Such a preacher will need many gifts, but above all intensity and sympathy. He must speak with living reality, not as one who is smooth or careless or self-centred, but as though his words came surging from his soul; he must preach, in Baxter's emphatic phrase,

As never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

For far above all style or expression or oratorical skill stands the effect of the preacher himself upon his audience. The great Massillon, it is said, when he began to preach, gave the impression of being utterly unable to refrain any longer from uttering the truth which filled his soul and burst like living flame from his lips.

It is an interesting question, and like most questions of high interest, difficult to answer, whether the pulpit is, or can ever be again, as potent a force as it used to be upon the thought and character of Christendom. There are not a few observers who hold that the great days of preaching are past. They argue, not without reason, that many agencies—books, magazines, newspapers, lectures, addresses upon social and moral questions—occupy to a large extent the old established place of the pulpit. It must, I think, be admitted, that the sphere of preaching can no more be made, as it once was, nearly co-extensive with human interests. Yet preachers like Newman, Robertson, and Spurgeon have exercised a powerful influence within the nineteenth century, and it arose primarily and principally, although not entirely, from the use which they made of the pulpit.

It seems to me that the preacher of to-day will do his work best if he pays regard to the necessary limitations which modern life imposes upon his office. The effect of his preaching may be as strong as ever, but it will be felt within narrower bounds.

For except where the congregation is uneducated (and uneducated congregations are becoming happily few) he cannot now speak from any vantage-ground of superiority. He is not like a master instructing his pupils, but like a friend persuading his equals. He cannot be sure that his hearers will accept what he says because he says it. He cannot assume the old conditions of thought and temper, patience, and docility, the sense of respect, the willingness to learn, the conviction of sin, the unclouded faith in God and Christ, which might once be supposed to exist everywhere. And as this is so, he will always, unless indeed in condemning overt sin, avoid anything like an arbitrary, dictatorial tone. He will refrain from laying down the law in unmeasured terms. Even in censuring what is wrong, he will associate himself, as it were, with his hearers; he will not always say "you," but rather "we." He will claim for himself the privilege of offering counsel upon the highest subjects, and that only as one whose profession has led him to study them exclusively or specially, and to meditate and reflect upon them, and to form conclusions which are in his eyes so vitally and profoundly true that he could not rest satisfied if he did not give them utterance. For after all it is not to assert any unique virtue in the clerical office, if it be taken for granted that, as men who have studied and practised medicine all their lives are the best authorities upon the art of healing, and men who have been brought up from boyhood in the ways of business, upon commerce, so the clergy, from their study of religion and

their intimacy with the discipline of souls, if not also from their personal character, may often prove not the least competent teachers in matters of faith and conduct. And in these matters, if rhetoric is, as Aristotle defined it, the art of persuasion, it is spiritual persuasiveness which will be the highest attribute of preaching.

It must be remembered that the pulpit is not now and will apparently not again become the only or the chief organ of teaching upon theology. When nobody could read the Bible outside the church it was necessary that people should go to church in order to read it. When nobody could hear moral and spiritual truths except in church, it was in the church that everybody heard them. But the church no longer enjoys a monopoly of these subjects. A certain office, then, which once belonged to the pulpit, is now discharged, and perhaps more suitably discharged, by other agencies. For the delivery of sermons does not at the time allow sufficient leisure for the reflectiveness which theological controversy demands. Where religious topics are discussed everywhere, not only in literature but in conversation, the hortatory character of the pulpit may remain what it was, but something of its instructive character must depart from it. I believe the preacher of to-day will be wise if he keeps his pulpit, as far as possible, clear of controversy. There is as much good sense as ever in Mr. Simeon's saying that "the servant of the Lord must not strive," even in the pulpit. For then Christian men and women will find in church a tranquil spiritual atmosphere which cannot be equally found elsewhere, and the effect of it will be edifying and sanctifying.

But there are two kinds of controversial preaching which are open to particular objection.

It cannot but be a grave mistake if the preacher makes use of his pulpit

to enunciate frequently before a mixed congregation the extreme theories of Biblical criticism. Such theories may be true or untrue, and I have no need here to pronounce a verdict against them; but they lack the quality of edification which is proper to the pulpit. The preacher's office is not to destroy faith, but to fortify it. Attacks upon the Word of God, and upon accepted and established interpretations of it, upon the creeds and ordinances of the Church, have their due place, but that place is surely not the House of God. All such teaching as is given from the pulpit should be in fact and in intention constructive. The preacher who sends away his congregation with a wounded or weakened faith not only mistakes the nature but in some sense violates the sanctity of the pulpit. For the office of the pulpit is not to pull down but to build up, not to show men how little to believe but how much, to afford them something of grace, of helpfulness, of corroboration, to make them good soldiers and servants of Jesus Christ. The highest triumph of preaching lies not in instructed intellects, but in converted and consecrated souls.

Still worse, however, than the introduction of criticism is the introduction of politics into sermons. That religion must affect political life, as it affects all life, is perfectly true; but the pulpit is not the platform, it is degraded if it is converted into a platform, as the minister of religion is degraded if he becomes a political demagogue. And the almost certain result of political preaching is not the elevation of politics, but the secularization of the Gospel.

The preacher of to-day will follow most closely in his Master's footsteps if it is written upon his conscience that Jesus Christ, in His ministry upon earth, sought not to save souls by effecting political or social reforms, but

to effect such reforms, even if slowly and painfully, by saving souls. For this reason he will allow nothing to interfere with the spirituality of his preaching.

Preachers have too much forgotten the Divine example. They have attenuated the force of their preaching by enlarging its scope, they have regarded every high topic, if only it could be colored with religion, as suited to the pulpit. That was not the way of the Christ. It has been brought as a charge against Him that His range of interests was confined. Art, science, literature, politics, He left alone. It would have been better to have learnt from Him that nothing is the true and vital matter of a sermon except what tends to the saving or strengthening of souls.

It is not a little remarkable that, wherever preaching in modern times has produced a powerful, energetic effect upon society, the preacher, like Wesley, like Luther, like Chrysostom, like St. Paul, in other ages of Christian history, has made his appeal to the intrinsic spirituality of human nature.

The need, then, of the day is that preaching, at least to cultivated congregations, should become not perhaps less intellectual, but more spiritual. After all, it is the spiritual side of man's nature that affords a reason for preaching, as for all religious worship. For it is this side which is capable of Divine things, and religion alone can satisfy its demand. But herein lies the supreme quality of the preacher's office. He speaks as an ambassador for God, he is charged with a message which he did not originate and which he may not ignore or impair. It is his responsible duty to hold up before his congregation a moral standard far above his own possible attainment. The dignity of his message is too often the censure of his own life. And however earnestly and assiduously he tries

to lift himself to the level of the truths which he proclaims, he cannot but be conscious that they escape and transcend his actual practice and rise above the earthly sphere in which he moves into the serene and sacred atmosphere which lies around the throne of God.

The preacher will be subdued, then, by the feeling of his own unworthiness. Not less subduing to his intimate consciousness will be his appreciation of the contrast between the vast amount of preaching in the Christian world and the actual or apparent poverty of its results. It has been calculated that 100,000 sermons are preached in the United Kingdom every Sunday. But if he asks himself how great is the result of all this effort, he knows not what answer he can give. It may well be that after years of preaching he feels that he has preached almost in vain. He cannot tell the name of any one person, man or woman, who has been moved by any sermon of his to any single definite act of renunciation or generosity or nobleness or faith. I may be permitted, then, in concluding this essay, to quote a moving story not without its encouragement and consolation. I take it from Twell's *Colloquies on Preaching*:

A friend of mine (he says), a layman, was in the company of a very eminent preacher, then in the decline of life. My friend had happened to remark what comfort it must be to him to think of all the good he had done by his gift of eloquence. The eyes of the old man filled with tears, and he said, "You little know; you little know! If I ever turned one heart from the ways of disobedience to the wisdom of the just, God has withheld the assurance from me. I have been admired and flattered and run after, but how gladly I would forget all that to be told of a single soul I have been instrumental in saving!" The eminent preacher entered into his rest. There was a great funeral, many pressed around the grave

who had oftentimes hung entranced upon his lips. My friend was there; and by his side was a stranger, who was so deeply moved that, when all was over, my friend said to him, "You knew him, I suppose?" "Knew him," was the reply, "No. I never spoke to him, but I owe to him my soul."

It has been my object to show that preaching is a difficult task, difficult in its moral and spiritual exigencies as well as in its demands upon the intellect, and that it deserves more sympathy than criticism. Clergymen and ministers may not all feel alike about it. But to me there is known at

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least one preacher who looks upon the delivery of sermons as the most exacting duty of all the clerical life, who has preached many sermons, but never one that he would not, if it had not been laid upon him by his profession, have thankfully been spared, who has hoped almost against hope that the seed cast upon the waters he may find again though after many days, and whose prayer is that the office, which he has felt to be so great a burden, if only it be executed with a due sense of its responsibility, may in some degree be accepted by man and not wholly rejected by God.

J. E. C. Welldon.

THACKERAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

Thackeray took up his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, in February 1829. He avowed that there was much of himself in Arthur Pendennis but in the description of Arthur's University career he has studiously avoided the repetition of his own. To leave no room for identity he takes the first syllable of Oxford and the last of Cambridge, and carries his hero to Oxbridge. He employs the same device in the title he concocts for the servant who waits on collegians. He is styled a scout at Oxford, and a gyp at Cambridge, and joining the two initial letters of the former term with the two final letters of the second he gets the descriptive appellation, a "skip." The river, by an unabbreviated combination, becomes the Camisis. The author might defy all attempts to fix the scene when his designations belong to both universities and to neither. The names of the colleges are entirely fictitious; but for an additional precaution he adopts, in a different form, his system of blending together things dis-

tinct, and where the name points to one college circumstances are introduced which belong to another, as when he says:

Saint George's is the great college of the University of Oxbridge, with its four vast quadrangles and its beautiful hall and gardens, and the Georgians as the men are called, wear gowns of a particular cut, and give themselves no small airs of superiority over all other young men.¹

Saint George, and the Georgians, and the four quadrangles (Trinity had but three), refer to Saint John's and the Johnians. But Trinity was the greatest college in Cambridge, and it was there that the undergraduates assumed an air of superiority. The gown in Thackeray's day was of "a particular cut," in that it had a resemblance to the gown of a bachelor-of-arts, while the undergraduates of all, or nearly all, the other colleges wore gowns of a mean and uniform pattern. They have since been remodelled. The desire for

¹ "Pendennis," chap. xvii.

an alteration was thought by some of the rulers to be a symptom of growing assumption in youth, and when a deputation of students in one of the colleges waited on their Master, not long after Thackeray's time, and begged to be allowed to wear a seemlier robe, he curtly dismissed them with the jest, "Gentlemen, you will change your gown by *degrees*." Neither St. John's nor Trinity was the college of Pen. He goes to a small college, Saint Boniface, which is named, I presume, from the landlord in Farquhar's "*Beaux' Stratagem*," to denote that it had a reputation for joviality. The object of mixing up places together was to avert the suspicion of personalities. None of Thackeray's old college friends appear in his novel. He was not less careful to exclude Trinity authorities. Pen's tutor, Mr. Buck, whose name is his character, has nothing in common with Thackeray's own tutor, Whewell. Buck was a type; Whewell in every prominent trait was an individuality. The Master of Saint Boniface, who bears the name of the celebrated poet and divine, Dr. Donne, a name which expresses his character when curtailed in its spelling, might represent Dr. Wordsworth, who was Master of Trinity during the undergraduateship of Thackeray, but he might equally stand for most of the contemporary masters of colleges, since they were nearly all Dr. Dons.² The unlikeness of Pen to Thackeray is the dissimilarity which concerns us most. Pen was a sort of admirable Crichton. He was a competitor for Greek, Latin, and English verse prizes; he was one of the most brilliant orators at the

² Thackeray's relation, Dr. Thackeray, the Provost of King's College, may not have been stiff and pompous in his usual bearing, but if he was he could unbend. Dr. Davy, the Master of Caius College, indignantly told me an instance of his unceremonious behavior. At the election of a Greek Professor, in which he and Dr. Thackeray were on different sides, much bitter feeling arose between the sup-

Union Debating Club; he was a prodigal collector of rare books, fine bindings, and costly prints; he was a leader of fashion, exquisite in dress and profuse in jewellery; he hunted in pink, and rode well to hounds; he gave expensive entertainments, with the air of a man who was superlatively knowing in wines and cookery; and completed his pretension to be an all-round accomplished man of the world by gambling with adepts in the art, who cheated him. While his reign lasted he was a king surrounded by a court who did homage to him, and imitated him. His rise and downfall are depicted with exceeding skill, the downfall especially. The character had usually its representative in the University, but it was not the character of Thackeray.

Though his vivid portrait of the undergraduate Pendennis is not the record of his own college life, he tells in his novel his impression of this chapter in his history.

Every man, however brief or inglorious may have been his academical career, must remember with kindness and tenderness the old university comrades and days. The young man's life is just beginning; the boy's leading-strings are cut, and he has all the novel delights and dignities of freedom.

And he repeats once more,

How pure and brilliant was the first sparkling draught of pleasure! How the boy rushes at the cup, and with what a wild eagerness he drains it!

His Cambridge residence was therefore a time of enjoyment to him.

porters of the two principal competitors. By a combination with one of the rival parties Dr. Thackeray got a third candidate elected, and this accomplished, he clapped his hands in the faces of his discomfited brother dignitaries, and exclaimed, "We have diddled you, my boys!"

² "Pendennis," chap. xvii.

The academic year commences in October, and Thackeray not arriving till February of the year following, the men with whom he would have to compete at stated periods in examinations had four months start of him in the prescribed training of the place. The disadvantage did not check his incipient determination to do his best. He attended the daily college lectures on mathematics and classics, he had a private tutor with whom he read classics one day and mathematics the next, and he went duly to the rooms of one Badger, an undergraduate, that they might study Greek plays together. "I find reading," he wrote to his mother, "a hard, hard matter; it goeth very much against the grain"; but soon he reported that he was "getting more and more into the way of it." "I am just beginning," he said a little later, "to find out the beauties of a Greek play." He adopted the plan of reading the Greek without turning it into English, which "added to his pleasure in a very extraordinary manner," and he was sanguine enough to hope that by evading the difficulties of construing he would get "to *think* in Greek." With all that we now know of his tastes and habits, and his rooted aversion to his school course of study, we should confidently predict that the power to follow his inclinations, coupled with the enticements which beset him, would speedily defeat his opening resolves. Any ambition he may have had would have worked against him, for coming late to the competition he could not overtake the many that were a-head of him. Fits of idleness interrupted his reading arrangements, a pleasanter literature superseded his task work, and the fragile efforts he kept up were sure to decrease directly the May examination in his college was over. On that occasion he did the most that could be expected of him. "He was," says his friend, Dr. Thompson, afterwards

Master of the College, "in the fourth class, where clever non-reading men were put as in a limbo," and his position truly represented his claims. He was not in the University sense "a reading man," which meant a reader of mathematics or classics, and it is in another direction that we must look for his mental activity.

Even while struggling to persevere in the University course of study, his predilections asserted themselves. He started an "Essay Club," which was to consist of ten persons, who were to meet weekly, and every member was to prepare an essay in turn. The Cambridge residence was divided into three terms of about ten weeks each, and his share of essays would be only three a year, "so that," said he, by way of excuse, "it will take up but little of our time." He meditated speaking at the Union, where he had several hard-reading men to keep him company. Some who were highest in examinations turned aside awhile from classics and mathematics to display their powers of argument and rhetoric in that arena. Either there, or in a private debating club, he seems to have delivered a speech on the "Character of Napoleon." The few intimations we possess of his literary efforts at Cambridge tend to show that his mind turned more to questions of present interest than to the antiquated topics in favor at the University. The character of Napoleon was in no way an academic thesis. The mighty contest was too recent for the passions it provoked to be extinct, and Scott's "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," which came out in June 1827, was a text that invited commentaries.

In his second year Thackeray joined a small literary society which had set subjects for debate. Looking back on these discussions, he smiled at the self-importance of the youths who embarked in them.

Are we the same men now that delivered or heard those essays and speeches, so simple, so pompous, so ludicrously solemn; parodied so artlessly from books, and spoken with smug chubby faces, and such an admirable aping of wisdom and gravity?

But unless the youngsters had taken the business seriously the interest would have gone, and they would have lost the benefit they derived from collecting, shaping, and clarifying their ideas. It was not an unwise instinct which set them aping the wisdom of their seniors. In their limited sphere they were images in little of a bigger world, and the debating club in its place and degree was no bad preparation for their after career. Nobody was more earnest in the matter than Thackeray, and the society was kept together by his zeal. "Our debating club," says Dr. Thompson, "fell to pieces when he went."

The first number of a miniature periodical, "The Snob," consisting of four small book-pages, was published at Cambridge, on April 9, 1829, and was edited by a fellow student of Thackeray's, named Lettsom. It ran on for eleven weeks, and was stopped, June 18, by the long vacation, which dispersed both writers and readers. A sequel to it, called "The Gownsman," appeared on November 5, 1830, four or five months after Thackeray had finally left Cambridge, and came to an end, February 25, 1831, with the seventeenth number, in term time, its life not cut short by a vacation. One fate awaits all these premature and rickety births—they die very young from the feebleness of their constitutions.

A "snob" in 1829 was a vulgar plebeian. Thackeray, in his "Book of Snobs," extended the application of the word, and included under it persons in every station who were addicted either to vulgar manners or meannesses. Arrogance, ostentation, false pretension,

despicable ambitions, trickery, and sycophancy were all qualities that lowered men to the condition of snobs. Formerly in Cambridge, while the word retained its original sense, it was used for a coarse class of townspeople, the rabble, in contradistinction to a gownsman, and this was its signification in the title of the periodical, "The Snob: A Literary and Scientific Journal, not conducted by Members of the University." Designing to deal freely with University topics, the editor selected a title to convey the jesting pretence, not intended to deceive, that the satire proceeded from rude outsiders, and not from impertinent young students. The prevailing use of "snob" in opposition to "gownsman" was familiar to Thackeray, and in a letter to the editor of the "Snob," he says, "Though your name be *Snob*, I trust you will not refuse this tiny poem of a *Gownsman*." He had forgotten the distinction when he wrote his "Book of Snobs." "We then used to consider snobs raw-looking lads, who never missed chapel, who wore high-lows and no straps." The term was primarily applied to the wearers of "high-lows and no straps" outside of college, and only occasionally to a similar style of men within. The strapless students had usually the stimulus of poverty, and read hard, which earned them respect, unless their manners were obtrusively offensive, and this was rare.

The announcement that the "Snob" was a "literary and scientific journal" was inserted under the notion that it was a stroke of pleasantry to call it what it was not. "The contents," says Moy Thomas, "were scanty and slight, and consisted entirely of squibs and humorous sketches in verse and prose." Thackeray's first contribution, as far as is known, came out on April 30, in No. 4, and was a piece in rhyme, called "Timbuctoo," the subject of the University English prize poem in 1829.

The perilous adventures of Mungo Park and his successors had drawn unusual attention to the exploration of the Niger. Timbuctoo, in the Soudan, was the centre of the Mahometan commerce in Africa; and, because no European had succeeded in getting to it, the city had long been invested with the splendors created by imagination. Major Laing escaped the twofold source of danger from the weapons of robbers and the waterless desolation of the vast Sahara, and was the first modern traveller to reach the goal. He performed the feat to no purpose. He arrived at Timbuctoo in August 1826, and in September he was murdered on his return journey, and his papers were lost. He was followed by Caillé, a Frenchman, who, disguising his nationality, got safely to and fro, and informed the world that the rumored glories of the Mahometan capital consisted of a circle of clay tenements and fragile huts, with rude mosques of some size, but no artistic beauty, in the middle. Caillé was not home till late in 1828, and it may be presumed that his account had not, if published, got to Cambridge when the subject for the prize poem was given out. Those who selected it as a theme for poetry were thinking of the fabulous Timbuctoo, which they took for granted was a true picture of the real. The prize poem had not been made public by April 30, nor could it yet be known that its author was Alfred Tennyson. The subject alone was the theme for Thackeray's burlesque. His plan was to dismiss the poetic fantasies which had gathered round the unknown Timbuctoo, to put forward in their stead the disagreeables of African life, and to wind up with the description of the author's love for a blackamoor maiden, and with a prediction that Africa would ultimately be revenged on her oppressors, and would triumph over the armies of Europe. All this he essayed to set forth in the

compass of thirty-two lines. The general idea of describing the true Africa was better than the execution. Thackeray's details are crude and ill-chosen. The misty satire has not any perceptible purpose, the humor is feeble, and the conception, as a whole, is very youthful. His knowledge of Africa was not superior to that which the public had of Timbuctoo. He believed that the tiger was an African beast of prey, and there is a strange confusion between the staple commodities of the country and the sugar and rum which were products of African slave labor in the West Indies. A facility in the flow of the verse, and in the language, is the principal merit in these and other early rhymes of Thackeray. The form is much in advance of the ideas. Appended to the poem are some notes, which purport to be humorous irony. They throw no light on the text, and have not a sparkle of pungent satire, of wit, or of fun. But the author was two months short of nineteen, and it was to a world in teens that he addressed himself. He hit the taste of his boyish audience, who understood him better than we do. He was a guest in May at a wine-party in Caius College, given by his friend and old schoolfellow, Young, and his "Timbuctoo" came up in the conversation.

It received much laud. I could not help finding out that I was very fond of this same praise. The men knew not the author, but praised the poem; how eagerly I sucked it in! "All is vanity!"

He is not priggishly moralizing on this whiff of applause. He is punning on the literal meaning of the maxim, and applies it to himself by taking vanity in the sense of being vain of praise.

From a contributor to the "Snob," Thackeray became a coadjutor with the editor in preparing the four small pages weekly, and he says, in writing

home, that they sat down together to compose No. 8. "We began at nine, and finished at two, but I was so afflicted with laughter during our attempts that I came away quite ill." The absurdities started by a couple of wags engaged, half-work, half-play, in devising jocosities between them, were likely to furnish more comicality in the process than found its way into the published jests. Such remnants of fun as may have appealed to University contemporaries will now be sought in vain. Hamlet might as profitably have looked for Yorick's "flashes of merriment" in his skull.

When we have taken the measure of the trifles Thackeray wrote at Cambridge, there is not any object in tracing them step by step. They confirm the testimony of Dr. Thompson, who says, speaking of his performances at the debating club, "We did not see in him even the germ of those literary powers which, under the stern influence of necessity, he afterwards developed." The fact is singular, for nothing was plainer subsequently than that his native genius was great, whatever it may have owed to cultivation. "He had a big mass of soul," says Carlyle, and it was visible in his massive head, and in the expression of his eyes. His faculties did not sleep from torpor. He broke away from the University drill, but we never lose the trace of his love of letters, and of his desire to be a producer. The enigma remains, and we have to confess that his turn for literature at nineteen showed itself rather in his relish for it than in his writings. His admiration for the famous novelist upon whom he formed himself was already confirmed.

He had a vivid appreciation [says Dr. Thompson] of English poetry, and chanted the praises of the old English novelists, especially his model, Fielding.

He got hold of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," and shows discrimination in what he says of it. "It is an odd kind of book, containing poetry which might induce me to read it through, and sentiments which might incline one to throw it into the fire." There were not ready-made opinions on Shelley to guide him then, and these few slight words are an example of the distinguishing mind he brought to the books which fell in his way.

His reading and writing left him a wide margin of leisure for sociality. "He led," says Dr. Thompson, "a somewhat lazy, but pleasant and gentlemanlike life." The life, lazy in appearance, was more intellectual than it looked. The solitary study of endless books never gives the breadth, and seldom the precision, of view that is got by intercourse with living men. Thackeray, we know, was not idle here. His other books closed, he at least read the book of human nature. He was a favorite in the superior circle to which he belonged. "He had always," says Dr. Thompson, "a flow of humor and pleasantry, and was made much of by his friends." It was not the only sort of humor for which he was noted. "He is as full of *good* humor and kindness as ever," Fitzgerald wrote of him when, college days over, they met in London. Singing was then in vogue at the parties of undergraduates, and he was a popular performer. He gave "Old King Cole," and other songs, with a comic effect which drew forth peals of laughter and great applause. He had a genuine love of music, and was accustomed to vent his jubilant feelings in song. Fitzgerald, in January 1864, writing under the influence of his recent death, says:

I keep reading his "Newcomes" of nights, and as it were hear him saying so much in it; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my stairs, and about to come *singing* into my room,

as in old Charlotte Street, thirty years ago.

He was somewhat sparing of conversation at college parties; "not talkative," says Dr. Thompson, "rather observant," which was true of him through life. Large miscellaneous parties, distinct from meetings of his chosen associates, were little to his taste, and in recollection were hateful to him.

We then used to consider it not the least vulgar for a parcel of lads who had been whipped three months previous, and were not allowed more than three glasses of port at home, to sit down to pine-apples⁴ and ices at each other's rooms, and fuddle themselves with champagne and claret. One looks back to what was called a wine-party with a sort of wonder. Thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweet-meats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again: milk punch, smoking, ghastly headache, frightful spectacle of dessert-table next morning, and smell of tobacco.⁵

He broadly asserts that all "wine-party-givers were snobs." He was over critical. Social gatherings of college acquaintances was an ineradicable instinct, and there was no more convenient hospitality than, once a term, to ask friends to come, after their dinner in hall, and partake of that wine and dessert, which, in their station, was the universal accompaniment of feasts. The snobbishness of sham grandeur was assuredly not concerned in the usage, and a boy's brag of tippling as little. If youngsters sometimes drank more than was good for them, excess at a college party, as elsewhere at that

⁴ Before commerce was carried on by steamers, pine-apples were all of home growth and expensive. They would have been absurdly out of place at an undergraduate's wine-party, but could not have been usual. I never saw one there myself.

date, was the frailty of individuals, and was not often allowed to proceed far with these. Searching for snobs to fill his long gallery of portraits in *Punch*, Thackeray detected them in situations which would not have suggested themselves to unprejudiced eyes. The whole body of undergraduates were not paragons of virtue, there were vices to be reprobed; but they did not come under the denomination of snobbishness.

Thackeray's greatest acquisition at college was his friends. When he was asked by his daughter, towards the close of his life, which of them he had loved the most, he answered, "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure, and Brookfield."⁶ How ardent his love was for the former may be read in a letter he wrote, October 27, 1852, when he was about to start for his lecturing tour in America, requesting Fitzgerald, if he did not return, to act as his literary execufor.

I should like my daughters to remember that you are the best and oldest friend their father ever had . . . I shall send you a copy of "Esmond" tomorrow or so, which you shall yawn over when you are inclined. But the great comfort I have in my dear old boy is that recollection of our youth when we loved each other as I do now while I write Farewell.

In the consciousness that he might be bidding him a final adieu, his mind, gathering up the whole sum of its affection, went back to the youthful time. The reason is seen in his exclamation, when he describes University life in "Pendennis": "What *passions* our friendships were in those old days!" Fitzgerald speaks for himself:

⁵ "Book of Snobs" — chap. xv. "On University Snobs."

⁶ "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald," vol. i. p. ix.

"My friendships are more like loves, I think," was his language at twenty-five. In "Pendennis," Thackeray goes on to tell "how the arm you were never tired of having linked in yours, under the fair college avenues, or by the river-side, was withdrawn of necessity," when a divided destiny sent friends separate ways. This happened in a measure to him and Fitzgerald. At Thackeray's death they had not come together for five years, and but seldom for ten. The affection, quiescent in a not irreparable absence, woke up in Fitzgerald when they could meet no more. "I am quite surprised," he wrote to Crabbe, the grandson of the poet, "to see how I sit moping about him; to be sure I keep reading his books. Oh! the 'Newcomes' are fine!" And to Thompson he wrote:

I have almost wondered at myself how much occupied I have been thinking of Thackeray; so little as I had seen of him for the last ten years. I had never read "Pendennis" and the "Newcomes" since their first appearance till the last month. They are wonderful; Fielding's seem to me coarse work in comparison. I have, indeed, been thinking of little this last month but of these books and their author.

Thackeray dead, he had immediate recourse to the books; they were the means of holding communion with his departed friend. "I keep hearing him say so much of it." "Really, a grand figure has sunk under earth."

Fitzgerald was two years and four months older than Thackeray, and was in his last year at Cambridge when Thackeray was in his first. The sum of the time during which they were in residence together could not have exceeded eight months. The two ingredients essential to friendship are mutual trust and sympathy. Length of acquaintance is sometimes necessary to trust, but youth, having little ex-

perience of deceit, is believing, and where the sympathies are strong the rest is assumed. Between Thackeray and Fitzgerald there was an unusual community of feeling—both in the last degree frank and truthful, both ardent in friendship, both enjoying literature with juvenile enthusiasm, both delighting in the use of their pencil, both lovers of music and song. The fervor of their youthful demeanor got chastened, as usual, in mature manhood. Fitzgerald once or twice fancied that Thackeray, in his celebrity, had got to disdain him, and in April 1850, he said, "Thackeray is in such a great world that I am afraid of him; he gets tired of me; and we are content to regard each other at a distance." The man of leisure could not estimate the vortex in which Thackeray was whirled, distracted between social entanglements and the labors of the pen, and he imputed to indifference a neglect which grew exclusively from the want of a disengaged hour. It was in the momentary misunderstanding of April 1850, that Fitzgerald omitted Thackeray from the list of the "only men he ever cared to see again"; but before the December of the coming year the suspicion of estrangement had died away, and Thackeray had his place in that contracted circle of peerless friends.

The affection of Thackeray for the friend who stood next in his favor to Fitzgerald is written in the "Collection of Letters," published by Mrs. Brookfield in 1887. The letters which lay bare the affection are silent on the characteristics of the man. It is the sonnet Tennyson wrote on Brookfield after his death that reveals his qualities at Cambridge. "Old Fitz," "old Thackeray," was the usual term of endearment, and in the sonnet we learn that Brookfield was "old Brooks" to those who knew him best. With Thackeray he was sometimes simply

"dear *vieux*." The sonnet also tells us how often old Brooks and Tennyson conversing heard the midnight chimes of St. Mary's Church; how often the supper-table echoed with helpless laughter to Brookfield's jest; how often he and Arthur Hallam, who loved him well, paced, in company with the poet, the beautiful walk beneath the limes at the back of Trinity College. The pacings with such associates bear witness to the solid acquirements that underlaid his ready wit. And his moods were often more than grave. Tennyson calls him "a kindlier, trustier Jacques," blending melancholy with humor. Thackeray himself had a deep vein of melancholy within him, and it is clear from a sentence in the letter he wrote to Brookfield, in March 1852, on the death of Brookfield's father, that the dejection in both had been gathering force the older they grew. "We've lived as much in forty as your good old father did in his four-score years. Don't you think so? And how awfully tired and lonely we are." Thackeray would not have used this positive language to Brookfield unless he had heard from himself that the wheels dragged heavily. A propitious lot is not a cure for despondency. Brookfield was an inspector of schools, had a chapel in London, where he was an admired preacher, refused preference when it was offered him, and was welcome everywhere; for his easy talk retained its zest, and his humor, never misplaced, enlivened conversation without interrupting it. Life looked darker to Tennyson when he was gone. And in the golden era when Thackeray and Brookfield were fellow collegians, and formed their friendship, they were not weary and depressed, but were bound together by intoxicating enthusiasms, and had the conviction that the bigger world in front of them would provide nobler pleasures than any they had yet enjoyed.

A third intimate with whom Thackeray passed much of his time at Cambridge was John Allen, afterwards an archdeacon in the diocese of Lichfield. Fitzgerald maintained a correspondence with him for years; and, writing to him, says, in 1834, "You are a dear, good fellow, and I love you with all my heart and soul." "I owe more to you than to all others put together," he says to him in 1837; and in 1840 he concludes a letter with these words, "John Allen, I rejoice in you." Allen's family did not doubt that Dobbin was drawn from him. The outward resemblance was not altogether omitted, and Dobbin had Allen's tall, gaunt figure and long feet. One wore a black coat, the other a red; but soldier and divine were alike in their moral qualities—in their uprightness, simplicity, and generosity. Dobbin was not so lettered as Allen, who usually had a folio open before him. Being the son of a Welsh clergyman who had several children, he was compelled to practise economy, and the one extravagance he could not resist was the purchase of books. From boyhood upwards he was very devout, and, intending to take Holy Orders, he made divinity his principal study, but not to the exclusion of literature. At Cambridge he shared Fitzgerald's enthusiasm for poetry. Milton was his favorite, and he must have been an ardent admirer of Wordsworth, for on November 30, 1830, there is the entry in his diary, "Virgilium vidi! This day I saw William Wordsworth." Intermingled with his lovable endowments of heart and mind were peculiarities which brought him into the class of humorists. Archbishop Howley said to Mr. Lonsdale, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, when he was Principal of King's College, and Allen was Chaplain, "That chaplain of yours is a very pig-headed man," and his stubborn resolution in obeying a conscience that was not un-

frequently directed by a short-sighted judgment, turned at times an exemplary virtue into a vice or a jest. His most conspicuous singularity grew out of his indignation against wrong. He would denounce supposed culprits in private, often misled by false rumors, and made it a rule to report his hasty and violent utterances to the object of his censure. He heard, for example, that Bishop Wilberforce, who was accustomed to write letters on a journey, had said in a railway carriage, to a person entering it, that a seat he kept for his correspondence was occupied. "Then he told a lie," retorted Allen, and wrote off his remark to the Bishop, with the addition, "I am sorry that if my information is correct I cannot withdraw the statement." Wilberforce addressed his reply to Allen's bishop, and the issue was a second letter from Allen: "Bishop Lonsdale bids me apologize to your lordship, and I therefore do apologize." With amazing simplicity, we find him saying, when he was verging upon sixty: "As I believe, my quarrels spring up and grow in an unexpected manner. Something moves me strongly, and I write; but I little anticipate what will follow after the first letter." Experience, we should conclude, must have shown him that the usual sequence would be indignant replies or disdainful silence. If he had lighted in the course of his extensive reading on two brief sentences in Burke's "Letters on a Regicide Peace," they would have explained to him the nature of his error, and taught him a safer plan of action.

Falsehood and delusion are allowed in no case whatever; but (as in the exercise of all the virtues) there is an economy of truth. It is a sort of temperance by which a man speaks truth with measure that he may speak it the longer.

And that he may speak it efficaciously'

at all times. Nobody well acquainted with Allen ever doubted the purity of his motives. His love of righteousness prompted his indiscretions in vindication of it, and Bishop Lonsdale tersely summed up his ruling principle when he said of him, that "he had never known any man who feared God more, or man less."

The undergraduate, it may be taken for granted, did not venture to exercise the censorship practised by the archdeacon. His friends enjoyed his stores of reading, his worth, his open nature, and his warm affections, undisturbed by his misdirected zeal. His parents, gathering from his letters that his company was courted at Cambridge—his mother said he had been counted an agreeable companion from a child—reminded him that the more he kept to himself the less waste there would be of time and money. He knew too well the value of his associates to loosen his hold. Thackeray, who was the most frequent disturber of his studies, comes before us, in an unexpected manner, as the patron of them, in a letter from Allen the father to his son.

This morning we received your letter, which mentioned that your friend Thackeray was commissioned to look out for a second master to a school at Pimlico, and he thought that you were qualified to undertake the duties of the situation.

It was a proprietary school; the salary two hundred a year; and that the headmaster should have trusted Thackeray's judgment, at nineteen, to select a second master for him, is a practical tribute to the sense and discernment, which, in that young time, were conspicuous among his lighter traits. Allen declined the post for the present, and accepted it directly he had taken his degree. He did not stay long. He next became a lecturer at King's College, in the Strand, and remained in

London for several years, where he furnished Thackeray with numerous fresh sittings for Dobbin. They both lived for some time in Coram Street, and Fitzgerald, writing to Allen, in April 1839, says: "Give my love to Thackeray from your upper window across the street."

Thackeray's knowledge of Allen and Brookfield, become clergymen, was gained from close neighborhood and constant intercourse. In his chapter on "Clerical Snobs," he accepted them for representatives of their sacred calling, and marked, in the most decisive manner, his estimation of them and their order. Excusing himself for not "showing up the parsons," in company with the other classes of society, he breaks out with the exclamation, "O Jimmy, and Johnny, and Willy, friends of my youth! how should he who knows you, not respect you and your calling? May this pen never write a pennyworth again if it ever casts ridicule upon either." "Jimmy" I take to be Thackeray's old friend James White, the author of "The Earl of Gowrie: a Tragedy" and other works, which have not survived him; and "Johnny" and "Willy" are the John Allen and William Brookfield of his Cambridge set. The fondness of friendship might dwell exclusively on virtues, but they were there, and some share of the frailty common to man is always to be assumed, and need not always be mentioned.

Among the remaining intimates of Thackeray at the University was Robert Groome, afterwards an archdeacon in the diocese of Norwich, a lettered man of eminent worth; Thompson, the future Greek professor and master, whose classical attainments were accompanied by genial conversation, and "a character," says Sir F. Pollock, "noble and generous"; and James Spedding, a unique personage,

[†] "Fitzgerald's Letters," vol. i. p. 57.

who might have been numbered among humorists, had not his singularity consisted in a concentrated resolution and a perfection of good sense, that seemed to exempt him from the weaknesses of ordinary mortals. His father was a Cumberland squire, who farmed his own estate, and whose whole bent was to the practical business of life. Poetry, to his apprehension, was an excrescence, an unreal domain; and poets, whom he judged by the worst side of the specimens that had cropped up at the Lakes,—by Shelley's mad vagaries, by Coleridge's rumored laxities, and Wordsworth's imperious outbursts of temper,—were, in his eyes, an unprofitable or a disreputable race. He was jealous of his son's critical conferences with Tennyson over manuscript poems of the latter, and in general it could not appear business to him that James should be a searcher after truth, a lover of literature for its beauties and wisdom, and a scorner of aggrandizement for himself. Spedding had been a schoolfellow of Fitzgerald's at the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmund's, and their friendship, at Spedding's death in 1881, had lasted for sixty years. One of his peculiarities, in Fitzgerald's judgment, was that he began where he ended, and was unaltered from fourteen to seventy-four. Wise in his boyhood, and with plenty of the boy in him when he was old, he had throughout combined, in heart and head, all that was best of youth and age—a man "incredible, had one not known him." Two qualities Fitzgerald singled out in him, his calmness and his wisdom. No matter what the trial, he kept his quietude, and was, says Fitzgerald, "immutable." "He was the wisest man I have ever known," is the language of his friend. He was the oracle of Fitzgerald, who referred doubts and difficulties to him, and always got from him the light he required. His range was wide. He

was an excellent classic, was acquainted with the elements of science, and had studied Christianity, history, poetry, the drama, and politics, in some of their branches, with the unpretentious exactness that was habitual to him. His steady employment for upwards of forty years was to edit the Works, and unravel the life, of Bacon. With a prodigality of obscure research that made no show, and earned him little credit or none, he pursued his subject through dull and dusty mazes of books and manuscripts, not diverted for a moment by outward discouragements, and inward weariness from his immovable purpose. It is a venial anomaly that he, who was accustomed to approach every question with a rectitude superior to prejudice, should have been misled by personal bias in his verdict on Bacon's moral obliquities. This partiality of a noble nature admitted, the book remains a monument to Spedding's integrity.

A man is known by his company. Thackeray's friends at college were men of a superior class, some of them learned, all well read, all desirous of assimilating to themselves the works that had credit in their circle. He owed none of the friendships to previous ties. They were formed on the spot from community of tastes, and the future lives of these confederates attested the stability of their early leanings. Thackeray was not among the number of painful students who vex themselves with tasks of repulsive dryness. He followed his inclinations, and wisdom could not have chosen a better method for training his mind in the direction suited to his genius. That his reading was not less earnest because it was pleasant and discursive, is plain from its effect on him. At school, at college, and in the interval between the two, his English education had gone on unceasingly. His published pieces were trivial. The

essays he read at his little clubs displayed no precocious talent. But the masterpieces he admired with all his mind without attempting to emulate them, for the effort was beyond him, remained lesson-books to him from choice, if not upon system, till he had learnt to rival or surpass them.

At the date of the Cambridge Easter vacation of 1830, Fitzgerald, who had taken his degree in the previous January, was staying with an aunt in Paris. Thackeray was in possession of twenty pounds, and determined to join him there. It was a clandestine jaunt, to be kept secret from his parents, and when he went for his *exit* to his tutor, Wewell, and was asked where he was going to spend his vacation, he answered, "With a friend in Huntingdonshire." The pleasure he anticipated from his stolen expedition was realized. On his future journeys to Paris, he constantly grew insensible to the sights and sounds around him, and reverted in imagination to the superior charms of his first experience, with its animating novelties, and those "delights of the jolly road," which rendered grateful to the effervescent spirits of youth the forty hours by diligence from Calais to Paris.¹ After two or three weeks of pleasuring, he left Paris suddenly.² His twenty pounds were nearly exhausted, and he had barely sufficient money to take him to London. His sensations were reversed on the homeward journey. The fun was over; the deception and risk of detection remained. "What a long, dreary, guilty forty hours it was from Paris to Calais, I remember!" he said, thirty-two years afterwards in his Roundabout Paper, "Dessein's." He always thought of "this escapade" when he was crossing to Calais. "Guilt, sir, guilt remains stamped on

¹ "Roundabout Papers"—"Notes of a Week's Holiday."

² Letters of Fitzgerald, vol. i. p. 3.

the memory." The day before he wrote his essay he met his college tutor, now become Master, at an hotel where they occupied adjoining bedrooms. After exchanging kindly greetings they parted, and Thackeray, with his self-reproaches renewed by his recent passage across the channel, was inclined to knock at the Master's door and acknowledge the fib of April 1830. He kept the revelation instead for the "Cornhill Magazine."

There it is out. The Doctor will read it, for I did not wake him up after all to make my confession, but protest he shall have a copy of this Roundabout sent to him when he returns to his lodge.

The gay narrative in the magazine had a grave underlying purpose. "I feel easier in my mind," Thackeray said, "now that it is liberated of this old peccadillo." He deceived his tutor, but did not injure him. The reparation he owed was to his own conscience, and his manner of atoning for the ancient delinquency, never forgotten, was an instance of that punctilious regard for truth which was habitual and invincible with him.

He seems to have remained at Cambridge till the commencement of the Long Vacation, in June 1830, and did not return. The examination for his degree would have been in January 1832. When he conjured back his early days, in looking at a coin of George IV., he described the manner of his final departure, which had a certain prominence, because it marked the period, and had vanished with the coming in of railways:

What is this? A carriage, with four beautiful horses all galloping—a man in red is blowing a trumpet. Many young men are on the carriage—one of them is driving the horses. Surely

they won't drive into that— Ah! they have all disappeared.¹⁰

The trumpeter in red was the mail-coach guard; the young men were collegians going home for the holidays, and the undergraduate who drove was an amateur who had feed the coachman to have the privilege of taking the reins. A consummate driver in the days before railroads had the reputation which attaches to a famous cricketer in ours. Many noblemen and squires were adepts in the art, and the extreme test of their dexterity was to pass at full speed close to objects on the way, and almost touch without grazing them. It is recorded to the glory of the notorious Sir John Lade that "his eye was precision itself, and that he was distinguished for driving to an inch." He laid a bet, and won it, that he would go at a great pace, twenty-two times in succession, through a gateway only wide enough to admit his carriage, and would turn each time without stopping. The undergraduate, proud to display his power of shooting past the carriage in front with nothing to spare, had in appearance the intention of running it down, and the daring performance with a mail coach and four, and the horses at a gallop, must have made a considerable impression on Thackeray, since in the retrospect it was to him the most memorable circumstances in his exit from Cambridge.

He had traversed the entire circuit of undergraduate life before he left; and, unless he had been pursuing the special studies of the place, there was nothing to be gained by a repetition of the round. The remaining time before he would be qualified for what to him would have been a useless degree, could be spent to better advantage than in the sterile sameness of college routine.

The Late Rev. Whitwell Elwin.

¹⁰ "Roundabout Papers"—"De Juventute."

The Monthly Review.

JOSEPH CLAYSON'S PURCHASE.

"It w'r that two acres o' ground as goes wi' my cottage what fetched me," said the man in a hoarse chest-whisper. "When the auctioneer to-night kep' a lookin' at me, an' then at Tom Willard, an' then agin at me with 'is 'ammer playin' over the table; an' I seed the place I'd watered wi' my sweat for twenty years a slippin' away—!"

"Ah, there where you live at the bottom of the village," said Mr. Percival the solicitor, comprehending. "The sale was this evening, of course. But the matter was not with us; Evesons' acted."

He who stood in the dining-room doorway was a short, toll-bowed man of weathered face, scanty, indeterminate jaw-whisker, and grizzled unruly hair. He wore a rusty black coat and corduroy trousers. He almost cringed, his eyes blinked in the lamplight, his breath came audibly, and he turned his dingy hat in his red hands. The cords of his brown throat worked a little under the encircling crimson kerchief.

Mr. Percival stood on his hearthrug in evening dress. He was slight, young-looking, with a professional nose, a shaven mouth and chin, and the beginning of baldness at his temples.

"There'll be no 'arm done, sir?" asked the man in the same tense whisper. "If I should ask yer, there'll be no 'arm done, an' you won't tell nobody?"

"Come in and shut the door, Clayson," said Mr. Percival, half smiling at his visitor's secretive and tragic earnestness, and resigning himself. For Mr. Percival was awaiting his wife's dressing pleasure. They were off to the Hunt Ball at the neighboring town, where he practised. (But Clayson, through the maid, had insisted.) "Secrets belong to our trade," he said reassuringly.

Clayson closed the door gingerly, sat down on the edge of a chair as gingerly, and sighed hard. He looked up with a wild eye, but he brought no smell of liquor into the room; just the distinct odor of earthed clothes. He began desperately:

"It's no secret, sir, 'cause everybody knows; but everybody dunno I've come to you, an' they'll be wonderin'; Tom Willard most of all. Twenty-three year I've bin there, an' I've dug an' weeded an' dunged, an' got the ground in good 'eart; an' I was jist turnin' myself round. Then our landlady died sudden, an' a sale bill w'r put up—an' then Tom Willard come sniffin' round!"

Mr. Percival looked at the clock.

"A 'undred an' sixty-five pound," said the man slowly. "An' I've bo't it," he said intensely. "The auctioneer's eye kep' a glitterin' fust on Tom Willard an' then on me, an' 'e ses, sharp like, 'One 'undred and sixty' —with 'is 'ammer ready—'For the last time one 'undred an' sixty—'

"Then 'e ses very quiet, 'Mr. Joseph Clayson.' Then every eye in the room were turned on me, an' the four walls went swimmin'; an' I felt like a man done murder. I'd bo't what I cou'n't pay for." Clayson's voice seemed to be forced out from somewhere deep down within him.

"A lot o' money for it," everybody seemed to be sayin', he continued. "A lot o' money knocked in my 'ead, an' made me feel sickish inside. Everybody seemed precious glad it warn't them, while they drank their wine an' wiped their mouths—all but me. I cou'n't touch it; not one drop. But the auctioneer 'e smiled—till 'e found I'd got no money on me for the 'posit. Sixteen pound! I looked at the door, but I ketched Tom Willard's eyes on me

with a sneer in 'em, an' I seed 'im a steppin' over it w'l' me in the road! 'I'll git it,' I said, 'I'll git it!' An' the auctioneer ses:—'I'll give you an hour, Mr. Clayson.' *Sixteen pound!*"

He gasped. His breath came noisily, his shoulders rose and fell; beads of sweat stood on his forehead. Mr. Percival seemed to have a glimpse of mental turmoll curiously suggestive of the twirl of black and white water suddenly disclosed under lightning. Clayson wiped his face with a red-and-black handkerchief.

"'Ere, sir," he said, producing a folded paper. He laid it on the table, and fell back, gabbling feverishly: "Two pound one I'd got laid by for the rent; sixteen shillin's for barley meal; eight shillin's for a pair of shoes; two-an-sixpence club-money; two fat pigs in the sty, an' one ton fifteen o' seed taters in the pit. Then, my gal at the doctor's 'ad just took 'er quarter's—she 'eard an' she come runnin' w'l' that—bless 'er! Mr. Blows the butcher put me five pound down on the pigs to kill next week at times price like a gentleman an' a Christian; George Sabey bo't my taters there an' then for four poun' five, money down—clean give away; a skinner, George Sabey; knowed I w'r jammed in the corner, an' what I'm to do for seed God on'y knows! Eben Young paid me five shillin's for two days I'd done for 'im this week." He ticked the items off on his fingers as he named them. "That made sixteen pound two an' sixpence." He stretched his hand, palm upwards, towards the table. The lawyer saw the fingers were crooked from labor past straightening.

"Yes," he said, glancing at the paper hurriedly, "quite regular; stamped and signed; purchase completed in one month. And now, Clayson? I haven't much time."

"A month, sir! One 'undred an' forty-nine pound! Eben Young, 'e ses

to me, 'you go to Mr. Percival's, 'e lets out money,' 'e ses."

"You wish to have the money on mortgage?"

"Mortgage—that's it, sir! Anythink so as I stop there! My oldest gal's out, an' the boy's jist been took on the line. The three young uns, when they ain't at school, are allus on the road for droppin's, an' I put up another pigsty last year beside gittin' some o' the bricks for the stable. What w'l' my two allotments I w'r *jis-st*—"

"Exactly, Clayson. You had better come and see me at my office."

"I've 'ad no sleep for three nights, sir; not since Tom Willard come round the place. My wife was a rockin' 'erself over the fender when I fetched the rent an' shoe an' meal money; and the kids began to whimper for company. Another night I daren't think on. It's either ketch or turn tail."

"The place would have to be surveyed and valued first," explained Mr. Percival. "And in any case no one would advance you the full value; not more than three-fourths at the outside. That might be about a hundred and ten, as I gather you have bought it rather dearly. You have been paying eight pounds rent? Ah, about a hundred and forty is probably its worth."

The man's features worked, his lip twitched and hung.

"I remember the place," the lawyer went on. "Not at all productive; indeed, I think half waste. Extremely unlevel, and with a pond at the bottom?"

"Yes, where some brick earth's bin dug, and where Nick Lays the cobbler drowned 'isself years back. People says 'e walks; I never see nothing, though I've often *thought*."

"There is a plantation next to it along one side?"

"That spinney don't hide so much sun as you'd think." The man leant

forward in his chair like one feverishly eager to convince. But his voice was raucous, grotesquely unpersuasive. "Not *near* so much sun as you'd think, sir. 'Course the land's rough in places, but I shall level an' make staple everywhere now it's my own, like, if I work to the bone. I know it every inch; I've bin at it till I could swear to the smell of it, an' I know it'll grow if it's nursed. It's puttin' your 'eart in as tells. Every year it'll do more; be wuth more." He squeezed his hat over his left knee and his right clawed at his trouser as he swayed himself back and forward slightly, his eyes on the solicitor.

"I cannot advise a client on the strength of what may be, Clayson," said Mr. Percival smoothly, "even if I should entertain the matter at all. Perhaps if you could find some thirty or forty pounds of your own—?"

Clayson shook his head as though asked for the moon. His rhythmic body-swaying had ceased, but his knees continued the motion horizontally; they neared and widened as he sat, loose from the hips, slackly.

"Then I must decline the consideration of it," said the lawyer decisively. "Eight pounds rent less rates means about six pounds clear; I very much question if anyone would advance more than a hundred on it. But of course you can try," he added hurriedly to the huddling, half-palsied figure in the chair.

"An' if not sir—the money I've paid?"

"Oh, if you cannot complete, you lose, probably," said the lawyer with some reluctance. "But you mustn't think about that. You will find somebody; or you may re-sell at a profit. Good-night, Clayson. Sorry I cannot help you in this. But we should be happy to prepare your conveyance reasonably."

The man rose without a word. His legs were manifestly uncertain, and his

hat bobbed up and down although he held it in both hands. The muscles round his mouth twitched, and the brown of his face had changed to a queer slateish gray.

A tripping step sounded without, and a white-robed, perfumed and radiant woman appeared in the doorway. She stopped; she was Mrs. Percival, and she looked from the squat hulked earth-worker to her husband questioningly and wonderingly. The man just lifted his head once, then his nailed boots sounded in the hall.

"Arthur!" ejaculated Mrs. Percival, when she had glanced after him curiously. "How he shook! What was it?"

Mrs. Percival was younger than her husband; she had a round face, a beguiling voice, and an impulsive heart. "Now, what was it, Arthur?" she pleaded, persuasively.

Mr. Percival strove to put the question by as he helped his wife on with her cloak. But in the brougham she returned to the attack.

"Your office secrets, Arthur," she said loftily, "are out of my jurisdiction. But this man was in trouble—*great* trouble, and when a person comes to my house in great trouble it's my—er—prerogative, yes *prerogative*—to know the reason why. It was nothing—noting but what I can hear; you admit that, Arthur, and yet you won't—if it's of no consequence why not say? *Professional practice!* A fig for your professional practice; that's for the office three miles away, not for the dining-room. Oh, I *wish* I'd gone after him at the time! whatever was I thinking—but never mind, I know him, and I'll go and ask him in the morning. You may laugh, but I mean it, sir! Now, *why* not, Arthur? *Merely business!* Then it's my business to know what made a man like that *look* like that!"

"Oh—h—" she said slowly, as her husband told her at last. "I thought

it must be *ever* so! And that man trying to get it away—that other man! I hate him! Here we are at the Town Hall."

"Twenty-one out of twenty-six dances," said Mrs. Percival a few hours later. "Not bad for an old married woman, eh? Wasn't the floor good? And, do you know, Arthur, that man's face haunted me the whole time."

"What man?" asked her husband. "You know; you needn't make-believe. That man Clayson. I wonder what sort of an evening *he* spent? No, I'm not excited; I didn't touch champagne once. And I've been thinking. I've some money of my own, haven't I? It didn't all go to—? No; well, this poor Clayson! I shall lend him some to—ah, complete, yes.

"Now, sir, don't look like that, as though you couldn't laugh for smiling. Hasn't a married woman absolute control?—answer me that, Mr. Solicitor. Then please take it that you are instructed to advance Clayson the sum of one hundred and fifty, isn't it?—yes, one hundred and fifty pounds, with all the usual rigmarole, and so on. You agree? you will be sure and see to it at once? If you promise me that you may consider yourself kissed. *You can't!* why not? *Lots of things!* But why? what? *It ought to be surveyed!* That means somebody to walk over it and look wise and ask questions and take a fee. I tell you what, Arthur, we'll go and survey it!" Mrs. Percival clapped her hands.

"*Next week!*" she echoed—"With that man's face before me? To-night, before we go to sleep! This very night; it will be *splendid!* Now don't put on that weary look; well, if you don't I'm going by myself; I shall go out through the garden gate and just walk round and assure myself that Mr. Joseph Clayson's property is there all safe and

sound; and if *you* like to let *your* wife go *alone*—

"Now, come along, Arthur—*catch cold?* Why, it's a lovely night, and you always say one needs fresh air after dissipation, and people often walk home after dancing; miles. Come along, and perhaps I'll let you charge my professional fee. We'll take Bruno, and then perhaps we shall get summoned for poaching. Arthur Percival, aged forty-two, and Emily Edith Percival, aged—never mind—were charged—etc. No, he'll only bark, and wake dear, good sleepy-heads. Come along; out in the moonlight; it will be *sweet*; just like—you remember."

Perhaps the whim of the errand appealed to Mr. Percival; perhaps, secretly, the end of it—or perhaps the walk and the fresh-breathed night tempted him after the reek of blooms and perfumes; after heat of gas-flare and thronging human beings.

"I couldn't have slept," ejaculated Mrs. Percival, when they were fairly on the open road. "That poor man's face would have kept coming and going and coming, you know, on the darkness, when you shut your eyes. It did in the ball-room. Once, when I was a girl, I was silly enough to attend a murder trial, and I saw a man condemned. He was led away looking just like that. As somebody said, he could see the Great Shadow advancing. And I thought heaps of things, to-night, in the dances, I mean. Supposing this poor Clayson should be out late, about his place, with his trouble on his mind, and that other man who wants it should be looking round in the dark—they do, when they think there's nobody to see them—and they should meet and quarrel? Well, I'm sure that's the way dreadful things are done, often; and when you think like that, I believe it's meant. We turn here; you see, I know—I'm at home all day."

The village lay below, a misty huddle

of roofs, with one lighted window showing like a red eye watching. Above and close beside them the old church loomed hoary under a waning moon that hurried in and out of whitish clouds. From the hedge-rows to right and left trees sprang irregularly, a soft, full wind rustling in their bare boughs. The dry, firm road lay a gray band broadening up out of the merging darkness.

"I wonder if we shall meet anybody?" said Mrs. Percival. "It's just as if night shuts all the world away from you. I'm sure I shall have something to talk about. Poor old Clayson, what a state he was in! I should just *love* to call him up and tell him."

"This is our nearest way," said Mr. Percival, when they had descended the slope, crossed the little brook and turned off into a bye-road. "We cut off a corner here."

They crossed a meadow diagonally by means of a footpath and came out on the road again. Back to the left, and one field's distance from them, a plantation massed black and square with its long side stretching away at right angles to the line of highway. Mr. Percival stopped opposite the corner of it.

"There it is," said he, pointing to where a small erection or two clustered darkly in the open field ahead of the block of trees. "You see the plantation bounds the property on this side, and runs down beside it and away beyond. The hill drops to the pond."

"I know," said Mrs. Percival quickly, "I heard the maids talk. The pond where the man drowned himself, and where he revisits. You needn't laugh"—Mrs. Percival had tight hold of her husband's arm and she shook him—"there *are* things—well, things we don't understand; we have all known them. How eerie everything always looks in the dead hours! I'm sure after dark *I* can believe anything."

"There is a sort of path along the edge of the wood," said Mr. Percival. "If you like we can go down there and come out somewhere on the old main road, and so round home that way. We shall go right along this side of Clayson's estate then."

He opened a gate as he spoke. They walked over a rude road through a field until they came to the plantation. "Mind the briars," said Mr. Percival, as he stepped through a worn gap in the low, sparse hedge and held the twigs aside with his gloved hand for his wife to pass. "Now along the path inside. Single file here. Keep close to me, and don't scream if you hear a rat rustle."

Mrs. Percival gave her husband a little dig of reproof. She started, nevertheless, at the sudden scuttle of some roused animal in the undergrowth. As they rounded the angle of the plantation the moon hanging over the trees touched them again; they walked on the edge of the ragged shadow cast by the timber. Close on their left, from clumps and tangles of underwood, rose the larches, tall and stark at hand, merging away into the depths of a black, mysterious forest. To their right and forward, over a straggling, broken hedge and a shelving bank, lay a side hill of rough grass and arable in patches, spreading gray and black under the moon. The low homestead crouched squat on the crest of the hill, and thereabouts a dog barked once.

"A God-forsaken place," said Mr. Percival. "Very unlevel and naked to the north, as farmers say. There is the pond in the hollow; you can see the moonlight shining on the water. A most indifferent investment."

"I shall come round and tell Clayson in the morning," said Mrs. Percival serenely. "I'm quite looking forward to it. *What is it, Arthur?*"

Her voice had suddenly become an intense and fearful whisper. She

clutched her husband's arm and looked ahead from over his shoulder. He had stopped, and he was looking intently forward to the shimmering pool below. Towards this, on the near side of it, certainly a figure moved slowly—a shifting shadow against the pale grass and the glistening water.

"Who?" quavered Mrs. Percival. "Who—*what* is it?"

Mr. Percival stood with his gaze fixed. From the dark cottage behind the dog set up a long crooning wail, and the vague figure stopped at the pond. It was the form of a man, and Mrs. Percival clung to her husband behind, her face at his cheek, peering hard, and gasping: "Oh, it's true then, Arthur! it's *true!*"

She had turned very white in the moonlight, and she shook all over. Mr. Percival was almost as pale as she, but he stood rigid, staring as if struggling mentally—as if recognizing unwillingly and comprehending; then he started as if spurred by the imperative need of action, and he caught his wife's delaying arm almost roughly. "Oh, let's go *back*, Arthur!" she wailed, banging feebly at him, "*let's* go back."

"Come along and don't be a fool!" he breathed hoarsely. He dragged his wife forward, scrambling, stumbling; himself panting and breathless, she hissing in her tremors like a wet rag squeezed. Presently he stopped again, in the shadow, close under the fir trees.

The man beside the pond was visibly bareheaded and in shirt-sleeves. He moved a little round the water's edge; he stopped, looking into it, then away to the sky and the moon. He took off his waistcoat and showed white from the waist upward, he stopped as if feeling the water with his hand. He stood erect, turned, and gazed up the slope topped by the dark dwelling.

Mr. Percival could not speak. The wind had dropped—or perhaps the trees

shut it out. Earth—woodland—sky listened—waited—hung. The black and white figure below was bending as if busy with bootlaces. A long moment drew interminably.

"Hi, Clayson," gasped Mr. Percival. "Is that you?"

The man below did not jump, but Mr. Percival did, at the sound of his own voice. His wife gave a curious sob and he himself laughed unrecognizably. The man, who had been crouching straightened himself slowly. "Eh—h?" he piped in startled acknowledgment.

"It *is!*" gasped Mrs. Percival. "Oh, go, Arthur, *go!* I'll stop here; he won't see me! I'm not afraid *now*—I thought it was that *other!*" She gave a short choking laugh.

"It is I, Mr. Percival," called the solicitor, shakily. He scrambled through the hedge and advanced over the coarse herbage towards the pond. "I had been to a ball and got a bad headache, so I was walking round to get rid of it and I caught sight of you."

Clayson stood with his shoulder to the moon. His face looked whiter than his shirt, and his eyes large. "Muster Percival!" he ejaculated. Then he stooped and felt his waistcoat at his feet aimlessly, his breath coming and going with a whistling sound. "Muster Percival!"

"Yes," said the solicitor. "And—er—Clayson, I have been thinking that perhaps I can manage that little affair of yours. In fact, if you will come and see me to-morrow I promise that I can."

Clayson looked up. "Say it again, sir," he said, rising slowly and staring. He turned his back on the water and gazed up the hill as he listened to the pledge repeated.

"That is, if you still wish it," concluded Mr. Percival.

"Wish it!" echoed Clayson. "Wish"

—a noise in his throat broke off speech; then he laughed gurglingly, and bent anew, lacing up his boots. "She'd only jist dropped off to sleep," he said in quite another tone, turning up his face and jerking his thumb towards the dwelling. "If you know'd 'alf, sir!"

"I think I should have that pond filled up, Clayson," said Mr. Percival, as they drew away together. "You have children, you know. Good-night—I am going on home this way. Any time between two and four to-morrow, and we'll put that little matter all right. Good-night. You are going straight back to bed now?"

Temple Bar.

Clayson laughed hoarsely and brokenly as he felt the lawyer's grip. His own rough hand was moist. "I shall wake 'er an' tell 'er, sir," he said. "Good-night, an' God bless yer. I can't make it out—I 'adn't prayed—but God bless yer!"

"Oh, Arthur!" breathed Mrs. Percival, as she stood with her husband in the shadow and watched the dim distance swallow Clayson's form as he ascended to the cottage. "I know—I know; and if—oh, I can't bear to think! Kiss me, Arthur!"

W. H. Rainsford.

IN RED MARRAKESH.

There are certain cities that cannot be approached for the first time by any sympathetic traveller without a sense of solemnity and reverence that is not far removed from awe. Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Damascus, and Jerusalem may be cited as examples; each in its turn has filled me with great wonder and deep joy. But all of these are to be reached nowadays by the railway, that great modern purge of sensibility. Even Jerusalem is not exempt. A single line stretches from Jaffa by the sea, to the very gates of the Holy City, playing hide-and-seek among the mountains of Judaea by the way, because the Turk was too poor to tunnel a direct path.

In Morocco, on the other hand, the railway is still unknown. He who seeks any of the country's inland cities must take horse or mule, camel or donkey, or, as a last resource, be content with a staff to aid him, and walk. Whether he fare to Fez, the city of Mulai Idrees, in which an old writer assures us "all the beauties of the earth are united"; or to Mequinez,

where great Mulai Ismail kept a stream of human blood flowing constantly from his palace that all might know he ruled; or to Red Marrakesh, which Yusuf ibn Tachfin built nine hundred years ago—his own exertion must convoy him. There must be days and nights of scant fare and small comfort, with all those hundred and one happenings of the road that make for pleasant memories. As far as I have been able to gather in the nine years that have passed since I first saw Morocco, one road is like another, unless you have the Maghrebin Arabic at your command and can go off the beaten track in Moorish dress. Walter Harris, the gifted resourceful traveller and *Times* correspondent, did this when he sought the oases of Taflalt; so also, in his fashion, did R. B. Cunningham Graham, when he tried in vain to reach Tarudant, and set out the record of his failure in one of the most fascinating travel books¹ published since "Eothen."

For the rank and file of us, the
¹ "Moghreb al Acksa."

Government roads and the harmless necessary soldier must suffice, until the Gordian knot of Morocco's future has been untied or cut. Then flying railway trains loaded with tourists, guide-book in hand and camera at the ready, will pierce the secret places of the land, and men will speak of "doing" Morocco, as they do other countries in their rush across the world, seeing all the stereotyped sights and appreciating none. For the present, by Allah's grace, matters are quite otherwise.

Marrakesh unfolded its beauties slowly, and one by one, as we pushed horses and mules into a canter over the level plain of Hlreeli. Forests of date palms took definite shape, certain mosques (those of Sidi ben Yusuf and Bab Dukala), stood out clearly before us, without the aid of glasses, but the Library Mosque dominated the landscape by reason of the Kutubia tower by its side. The Atlas Mountains came out of the clouds and revealed the snows that would soon melt and set every southern river aflood. The town began to show limits to the east and west where, at first, there was nothing but haze. One or two caravans passed us northward bound, their leaders hoping against hope that the Pretender, the "dog-descended," as a Susi trader called him, would not stand between them and the Sultan's camp, where the profits of their journey lay. By this time I could see the old gray wall of Marrakesh more plainly, with towers here and there, ruinous as the wall itself, and storks' nests on the battlements, their red-legged inhabitants fulfilling the duties of sentries. To the right, beyond the town, the great rock of Djebel Geeliz suggested infinite possibilities in days to come, when some conqueror armed with modern weapons and a pacific mission shall decide to bombard the walls, in the sacred name of civilization. Then the view was lost in the date palm forest through

which tiny tributaries of the Tensift run babbling over the red earth, while the kingfisher, or dragonfly—"a ray of living light"—flashes over the shallow water, and young storks take their first lessons in the art of looking after themselves.

When a Moor has amassed wealth he praises God, builds a palace, and plants a garden, or is suspected, accused—despotic authority is not particular—and cast into prison! In and round Marrakesh many Moors have gained riches, and some have held them. The gardens stretch for miles. There are the far-spreading Angdal plantations of the Sultans of Morocco, in part public, and elsewhere so private that to intrude would be to court death. Their name signifies "The Maze," and they are said to justify it. In the outer, or public grounds, of this vast pleasure-garden, the fruit is sold by auction to the merchants of the city in the late spring, when blossoming time is over, and the buyers must watch and guard it until harvest comes.

We rode past the low-walled gardens, where the pomegranate and apricot trees were flowering, and strange birds I did not know were singing in the deep shade. Doves flitted from branch to branch, bee-eaters darted about among mulberry and almond trees. There was an overpowering fragrance from the orange groves, where blossom and unpluck'd fruit showed side by side. The jessamine bushes were scarcely less fragrant. Fig trees called every passer-by to enjoy their spreading shade, and the little rivulets, born of the Tensift's winter floods to sparkle through the spring and die with midsummer, were fringed with willows. It was delightful to draw rein and listen to the plashing of water and the cooing of doves, while trying in vain to recognize the most exquisite among many sweet scents.

Under one of the fig trees, in a gar-

den, three Moors sat at tea. A carpet was spread, and I caught a glimpse of the copper kettle, the squat charcoal brazier tended by a slave, the quaint little coffer, filled no doubt with fine green tea, and the curious porcelain dish of cakes. It was a quite pleasing picture, at which, had courtesy permitted, I would have indulged in more than a brief glance.

The claim of the Moors upon our sympathy and admiration becomes greater by reason of their love for gardens. Some authorities declare that their devotion is due largely to the profit yielded by the fruit, but one could afford to forget that suggestion for the time being when Nature seemed to be giving praise to the Master of all seasons for the goodly gifts of the spring.

We crossed the Tensift by the bridge, one of the very few to be found in South Morocco. It has nearly thirty arches, all dilapidated as the city walls themselves, yet possessing their curious gift of endurance. Even the natives realize that their bridge is crumbling into uselessness, after nearly eight centuries of work; but they do no more than shrug their shoulders, as though to cast off the burden of responsibility and give it to destiny. On the outskirts of the town, where gardens end and open market squares lead to the gates, a small group of children gathered to watch the strangers, with an interest in which fear played its part. I waited now to see the baggage animals come to the front, and then M'barak led the way past the mosque at the side of the Spanish Gate, so called because part of its decorations were brought by the Moors from Spain. Once within the gate, narrow streets, with windowless walls frowning on either side, shut us in from all view save that which lay immediately before us.

No untrained eye can follow the

winding maze of streets in Marrakesh, and it is from the Moors we learn that the town, like the Gaul of Cæsar's Commentaries, has three well-defined divisions. The Kasbah is the official quarter, where the soldiers and governing officials have their home, and the prison called Hib mis bah receives all evil-doers, and men whose luck is ill. The Madinah is the general Moorish quarter, and embraces the Kaisarlyah, or bazaar district, where the streets are parallel, well cleaned, thatched with palm and palmetto against the light, and barred at either end to keep animals from entering. The Mellah, or "salted place," is the third great division of Marrakesh, and is the Jewish quarter. In this district, or just beyond it, are a few streets that seem reserved to the descendants of Mulai Ismail's black guards, from whom our word "blackguard" might well have come to us, though it did not. Within these divisions streets, irregular and without a name, turn and twist in a manner most bewildering, until none save old residents may hope to know their way about. Pavements are unknown, drainage is in its most dangerous infancy, the rainy season piles mud in every direction, and, as though to test the principle embodied in the homœopathic theory, the Marrakhis heap rubbish and refuse in every street, where it decomposes until the enlightened authorities who dwell in the Kasbah happen to give orders for its removal. Then certain men set out with donkeys and carry the sweepings of the gutters beyond the gates. This work is taken seriously in the Madinah, but in the Mellah, it is shamefully neglected, and I have ridden through whole streets in the last-named quarter searching vainly for a place approximately clean enough to permit of dismounting. Happily, or unfortunately, as you will, the inhabitants are inured from birth to a state of things that

must cause the weaklings to pay heavy toll to Death, the lord who rules even Sultans.

I had little thought to spare for such matters whilst riding into Marrakesh for the first time. The spell of the city was over-mastering. It is perhaps the most African city in Morocco to-day; almost the last survivor of the changes that began in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and have brought the Dark Continent, from end to end, within the sphere of European influence. Fez and Mequinez are cities of fair men, while here on every side one recognized the influence of the Soudan and the country beyond the great desert. Not only have the wives and concubines brought from beyond the great sand sea, darkened the skin of the present generation of the Marrakshis, but they have given to most, if not to all, a suggestion of relationship to the negro races that is not to be seen in any other Moorish city I have visited. Strangely enough, perhaps, it is not a suggestion of fanaticism or intolerance. By their action as well as their appearance I knew most of the passers for friends rather than enemies, convinced that I was one of the harmless, uncivilized people from a far land, who smoke tobacco, drink wine, and live without the True Faith.

Marrakesh, like all other inland cities of Morocco, has neither hotel nor guest-house. It boasts some large fandaks, notably that of Hadj Larbi, where the caravans from the desert send their merchandise and chief merchants; but no sane European will choose to seek shelter in a fandak in Morocco, unless he is prepared to face much filth and discomfort. There are clean fandaks in Sunset Land, but they are few, and you must travel far to find them. I had letters to the chief civilian resident of Marrakesh, Sidi Boubikir, British political agent, millionaire, farmer, financier, builder of palaces, politician,

statesman, and friend of all Englishmen who are well recommended to his care. I had heard much of the clever old man who was born in very poor surroundings, started life as a camel driver, and is now the wealthiest and most powerful unofficial resident in Southern Morocco, if not in all the Maghreb, so I bade Kaid M'barak find him without delay. The first person questioned directed us to one of Boubikir's fandaks, and, by its gate, in a narrow lane, where camels jostled the camp mules until they nearly foundered in the underlying filth, we found the celebrated man sitting within the porch on an old packing-case.

He looked up for a brief moment when the Kaid dismounted and handed him my letter, and I saw a long, closely shaven face, lighted by a pair of gray eyes that seemed much younger than the head in which they were set, and perfectly inscrutable. He read the letter, which was in Arabic, from end to end, and then gave me stately greeting, Salam interpreting.

"You are very welcome," he said. "My home and all it holds are yours."

I replied that I wanted nothing more than modest shelter for the days of my sojourn in the city. He nodded.

"Had you advised me of your visit in time," he said, "my best house should have been prepared. Now, I will send with you my steward, who has the keys of all my houses. Choose which you will have." I thanked him. The steward appeared, a stout, well-favored man, whose djellaba was finer than his master's. Sidi Boubikir pointed to certain keys, and at a word several servants gathered about us. The old man said that he rejoiced to serve the friend of his friends, and would look forward to seeing me during our stay. Then the steward led the way into an ill-seeming lane, now growing dark with the fall of evening.

We turned down an alley more

muddy than the one we had left, passed under an arch by a fruit stall, with a covering of tattered palmetto, caught a brief glimpse of a mosque minaret, and heard the sonorous voice of the Muueddin calling the Faithful to evening prayer. In the shadow of the mosque, at the corner of this high-walled lane, there was a heavy metal-studded door. The steward thrust a key into its lock, turned it, and we passed down a passage into an open patio. It was a very silent place, beyond the reach of street echoes, and there were four rooms built round the patio on the ground floor, as well as three or four above. One side of the minaret's tower was visible from the patio, but apart from that the place was not overlooked. To be sure, it was very dirty, but I had an idea that the steward had brought his men out for business, not for an evening stroll, and so I bade Salem assure him that this place, known to the Marrakshis as Dar al Kasdir (the Tin House), would serve all our purposes. A thundering knock at the gate announced a visitor, one of Sidi Boubikir's elder sons, a civil, kindly-looking Moor, whose face inspired confidence. Advised of my choice, he suggested we should take a stroll while his men cleaned and prepared the patio and the rooms opening upon it. Then the mules, resting for the time in his father's fandak, would bring their burdens home, and we could enjoy our well-earned rest.

I took this good advice, and returning an hour later found that a very complete transformation had been effected. Palmetto brooms and water brought from an adjacent well had made the floor look clean and clear. The warmth of the air had dried everything, and the pack mules had been relieved of their loads and sent back to the stable. Two little earthen braziers full of charcoal were glowing merrily under the influence of the bellows that Kaid

M'barak wielded skilfully. Two earthen jars of drinking water, with palm leaves for corks, had been brought in by my host's servants. In another hour the camp beds were unpacked and made up, a rug was set on the bedroom floor, and the little table and chairs were put in the middle of the patio. From the corner where Salam squatted behind the twin fires, came the pleasant scent of supper; Kaid M'barak, his well-beloved gun at his side, sat silent and thoughtful in another corner, and the tiny clay bowl of the Maalem's long wooden kief-pipe was comfortably aglow.

There was a timid knock at the door. The soldier opened it and admitted—"the Shareef." I do not know his name, nor whence he came, but he walked up to Salam, greeted him affectionately, and offered his services while we were in the city. Twenty years old perhaps, at an outside estimate, very tall and thin, and poorly clad, the Shareef was not the least interesting figure I met upon my journey. A shareef is a saint in Morocco, as in every other country of Islam, and his title is due to descent from Mohammed. He may be very poor indeed, but he is more or less holy, devout men kiss the hem of his djellaba, no matter how dirty or ragged it may be, and none may curse a shareef's ancestors, for the Prophet was one of them. This youthful saint had known Salam in Fez, and had caught sight of him by Boubikir's fandak in the early afternoon. Salam, himself a chief in his own land, though fallen on evil days then, and on worse ones since, welcomed the newcomer, and brought his offer to me, adding the significant information that the young Shareef, who was too proud to beg, had not tasted food in the past forty-eight hours. He had then owed a meal to some Moor who, in accordance with a well-known custom, had set a bowl of food outside

his house to conciliate night-prowling devils. I accepted the proffered service, and had no occasion to regret my action. The young Moor was never in the way and never out of the way; he went cheerfully on errands to all parts of the city, fetched and carried without complaint, and yet never lost the splendid dignity that seemed to justify his claim to saintship.

So we took our ease in the open patio, and the Shareef's long fast was broken, and the stars came to the aid of our lanterns; and when supper was over I was well content to sit and smoke while Salam, Kaid M'barak, the Maalem, and the Shareef sat silent round the glowing charcoal, perhaps too tired to talk. It was very pleasant to feel at home, after two or three weeks under canvas, along the southern road.

The Maalem rose at last, somewhat unsteadily after his debauch of kief. He moved to where our provisions were stacked, and took oil and bread from the store. Then he sought the corner of the wall by the doorway, and poured out a little oil and scattered crumbs, repeating the performance at the far end of the patio. This duty done, he bade Salam tell me it was a peace-offering to the souls of the departed who had inhabited this house before we came to it. I apprehend they might have resented the presence of the infidel, had they not been soothed by the Maalem's little attention. He was ever a firm believer in djann, and exorcised them with unfailing regularity. The abuse he heaped on Satan must have added largely to the burden of sorrows under which we are assured the fallen angel carries out his appointed work. He had been profuse in his prayers and curses when we entered the barren pathway of the Little Hills, behind the plains of Hilreeli, and there were times at which I had felt quite sorry for Satan. Obla-

tion to the house spirits made, the Maalem asked for his money, the half due at the journey's end. Kief or no kief, he was easily sober enough to count the dollars carefully and make his farewells with courteous eloquence. I parted with him with no little regret, and look forward with keen pleasure to the day when I shall summon him once again from the bakehouse of Djedida to bring his mules and guide me over the open road, haply to some destination more remote. I think he will come willingly, and that the journey will be a pleasant one. The Shareef drew the heavy bolt behind the Maalem, and we sought our beds.

It was a brief night's rest. The voice of the Mueddin, chanting the call to prayer and the Shehad roused me again, refreshed. The night was passing; even as the sonorous voice of the Unseen chanted his inspiring "Allah Akbar," it was yielding place to the moments when "the Wolf-tail" sweeps the Paling East.²

I looked out of my little room that opened on to the patio. The arch of heaven was swept and garnished, and from "depths blown clear of cloud" great stars were shining whitely. The breeze of early morning stirred, penetrating our barred outer gates, and bringing a subtle fragrance from the beflowered groves that lie beyond the city. It had a freshness that demanded from one, in tones too seductive for denial, prompt action. Moreover, we had been rising before daylight for some days past, in order that we might cover a respectable distance before the Enemy should begin to blaze intolerably above our heads, commanding us to seek the shade of some chance fig tree or saint's tomb.

So I roused Salam, and together we drew the creaking bolts, bringing the Kaid to his feet with a jump. There

² The False Dawn.

was plenty of time for explanation, because he always carried his gun in an old flannel case, secured by half-a-dozen pieces of string, the knots in which defied haste. He warned us not to go out, since the djann were always abroad in the streets before daylight; but, seeing our minds were set, he bolted the door upon us, and probably returned to his slumbers.

Beyond the house, in a faint glow that was already paling the stars, the African city, well-nigh a thousand years old, assumed its most mysterious aspect. The high walls on either side of the roads, innocent of casements as of glass, seemed, in the uncertain light, to be tinted with violet amid their dull gray. The silence was complete and most weird. Never a cry from man or beast removed the momentary impression that this was a city of the dead. The entrances of the bazaars in the Kaisariyah, to which we turned, were barred and bolted; their guardians sat motionless, covered in white djellabas, that looked like shrouds. The city's seven gates were fast closed, though doubtless there were long files of camels and market men waiting patiently without. The great mansions of the wazeers, and the green-tiled palace of Mulai Abd el Aziz—"Our Victorious Master the Sultan"—seemed as unsubstantial as one of those cities that the mirage had set before us mid-most the R'hamna plains. Even Salam, the untutored man from the far Riff country, felt the spell of the silent morning hour, and moved quietly by my side without a word.

"Oh, my masters, give charity! Allah helps helpers!" A blind beggar, sitting by the gate, like Bartimaeus of old, thrust his withered hand before me. Lightly though we had walked, his keen ear had known the difference in sound between the native slipper and the European boot. It had roused him from his slumbers, and he had calcu-

lated the distance so nicely, that the hand, suddenly shot out, was well within reach of mine. Salam, my almoner, gave him a handful of the copper coins, called *flos*, of which a score may be worth a penny, and he sank back in his uneasy seat with many thanks, not to us, but to Allah, the One who had been pleased to move us to work his will. As for me, I was no more than Allah's unworthy medium, condemned by the decree of the Perspicuous Book to burn in fires seven times heated, for unbelief.

From their home on the flat house-tops two storks rose suddenly, as though to herald the dawn; the sun became visible above the walls, and turned their coloring from violet to gold. We heard the guards drawing the bars of the gate that is called Bab al Khamees, and we knew that the daily life of Marrakesh had begun. The great birds might have given the signal that woke the town to activity.

Straightway a throng of men and beasts made their way through the narrow, cobbled lanes. Sneering camels, so bulked out by their burdens that a foot passenger must shrink against the wall to avoid a bad bruising; well-fed mules, carrying some early-rising Moor of rank on the top of seven saddle-cloths; half-starved donkeys, all sores and bruises; one encountered every variety of Moorish traffic here, and the thoroughfare that had been deserted a moment before was soon thronged. In addition to the Moors, and Berbers, and Susi traders, there were many slaves, black as coal, brought in times past from the Soudan. From garden and orchard beyond the city, fruit, and flowers, and vegetables were being carried into their respective markets, and as they passed the air grew suddenly fragrant with a scent that was almost intoxicating. The garbage that lay strewn over the cobbles had no more power to offend, and the

fresh scents added, in some queer fashion of their own, to the unreality of the whole scene.

To avoid the crush, we turned away from this quarter of the city, to where the Kutubia Tower rose, flanking the Mosque of the Library, with its three glittering balls that are solid gold, if you care to believe the Moors (and who should know better?), though the European authorities declare they are gilded copper. No visitors will forget the Mosque or the voices of the three blind Mueddins who call Believers to prayer from the adjacent minarets. By the side of the tower that is a landmark almost from R'hamna's far corner to the Atlas Mountains, Yusuf ibn Tachfin, who built Marrakesh nine hundred years ago, enjoys his long sleep in a grave unnoticed and unhonored by the crowds of men from far-off lands, who pass it every day. Yet, if the conqueror of Fez and troubler of Spain could rise from nine centuries of rest, he would find but little change in the city he set on the red plain in the shadow of the mountains. The walls of his creation remain, even the broken bridge over the river dates, men say, from his time, and certainly the faith and works of the people have not altered greatly. Caravans still fetch and carry from Fez in the north, to Timbuctoo and the banks of the Niger, or reach the Bab er Rubb, with gold and ivory and slaves from the eastern oases that France has almost sealed up. The saints' houses are still there, though the old have yielded to the new. Storks are privileged, as of old time, to build on the flat roof-tops of the city houses; and therefore still besought by amorous natives to carry love's greetings to the women permitted to take their airing on the house-tops in the afternoon. Berber from the highlands, blackman from the Draa, wiry, lean, enduring trader from Tarudant, and other cities of the Sus, pa-

tient, frugal Saharowi from the sea of sand; no one of them has altered greatly since the days of the renowned Yusuf. And who but he among the men who built great cities in days before Saxon and Norman had met at Senlac, could look to find his work so little scarred by time, or disguised by change? Twelve miles of rampart surround the city still, if we include the walls that guard the Sultan's maze garden, and seven of the many gates Ibn Tachfin knew are swung open to the dawn of each day now.

From the Library Mosque, with its commanding tower and modest, yet memorable, tomb, we strolled past the Sultan's palace, white-walled, green-tiled, vast, imposing; passing thence to the lesser mosque of Sidi bel Abbas, to whom the beggars pray, for it is said of him that he knew God. The city's hospital stands beside this good man's grave. And here one naturally pays tribute also to great Mulai abd el Kadr Ijjalali, whose name is very piously invoked among the poor. The mosque by the Dukala gate is worthy of note, and earns the salutation of all who come by way of R'hamna to Marrakesh. We rested awhile from the growing heat by a fine fountain with the legend "Drink and admire," in Arable, where the hard-working water-carriers from the Sus fill their goatskins, and all leisured folk congregate during the hours of fire.

From a fandak in the Madinah we hired horses, and rode out to the Mellah, literally "salted place," in which the town Jews live, reaching our destination by way of the Olive Garden. It is the dirtiest part of Marrakesh, and, all things considered, the least interesting. The lanes that run between its high walls are full of indescribable filth; comparison with them makes the streets of the Madinah and the Kasbah almost clean. One result of the dirt is seen in the prevalence of

ophthalmia, from which three out of four of the Mellah's inhabitants seem to suffer, slightly or seriously. Few adults appear to take exercise, unless they are called abroad to trade, and when business is in a bad way the misery is very real indeed. A skilled workman is pleased to earn the native equivalent of fourteen pence for a day's work, beginning at sunrise, and on this miserable pittance he can support a wife and family. Low wages and poor living, added to centuries of oppression, have made the Morocco Jew of the town a pitiable creature; but on the hills, particularly among the Atlas villages, the Jew is healthy, athletic, and resourceful, able to use his hands as well as his head, and the trusted intermediary between Berber hillman and town Moor.

Being of the ancient race myself, I was received in several of the show-houses of the Mellah, places whose splendid interiors were not at all suggested by the squalid surroundings in which the house was set. This is typical to some extent of all houses in Morocco, even in the coast towns, and greatly misleads the globe-trotter. I noticed fine carving and coloring in many rooms, but the European furniture was for the most part wrongly used, and at best grotesquely out of place. Hygiene has not passed within the Mellah's walls; but a certain amount of Western tawdriness has. Patriarchal Jews, of good stature and commanding presence, had their dignity hopelessly spoilt by the big blue spotted handkerchief, worn over the head and tied under the chin. Jewesses in rich apparel seemed quite content with the fineness within their houses, and indifferent quite to the mire of the streets.

In the latter days of my sojourn I visited three synagogues—one in a private house. The approaches were in every case disgusting, but the

synagogues themselves were well-kept, very old, and decorated with rare and curious memorial lamps, kept alight for the dead through the year of mourning. The benches were of wood with straw mats for cover; there was no place for women, and the seats themselves seemed to be set down without attempt at arrangement. The brass-work was old and fine, the scrolls of the law were very ancient, but there was no sign of wealth and little decoration. In the courtyard of the chief synagogue school was in progress. Half-a-hundred intelligent youngsters were repeating the master's words, just as Mohammedan boys were doing in the Madinah; but even among these little ones ophthalmia was playing havoc, and doubtless the disease would pass from the unsound to the sound. Cleanliness would stamp out this trouble in a very little time, and would preserve healthy children from infection. Unfortunately, the administration of the Mellah is exceedingly bad, and there is no reason to believe that it will improve.

When the "Elevated Court" is at Marrakesh, the demand for works helps the Jewish quarter to thrive, but since the Sultan went to Fez the heads of the Mellah seem to be reluctant to lay out even a few shillings daily to have the place kept clean. There are no statistics to tell the price that is paid in human life for the shocking neglect of the elementary decencies, but it must be a heavy one.

Business premises seemed clean enough, though the approach to them could hardly have been less inviting. You enter a big courtyard, and, if wise, remain on your horse until well clear of the street. The courtyard is clean and wide, an enlarged edition of a patio, with big store-rooms on either side, and stabling or a granary. Here, also, is a bureau, in which the master sits in receipt of custom, and deals in

green tea that has come from India via England, and white sugar in big loaves, and coffee, and other merchandise. He is buyer and seller at once, now dealing with a native who wants tea, and now with an Atlas Jew, who has an ouadad skin or rug to sell; now talking Shilha, the language of the Berbers, now the Maghrebin Arabic of the Moors, and again debased Spanish or Hebrew, with his own brethren. He has a watchful eye for all the developments that the day may bring, and while attending to buyer and seller can take note of all his servants are doing at the stores, and what is going out or coming in. Your merchant of the better class has commercial relations with Manchester or Liverpool; he has visited England and France; perhaps some olive-skinned, black-eyed boy of his has been sent to an English school to get the wider views of life and faith, and return to the Mellah to shock his father with both, and to be shocked in his turn by much in the home life that passed uncriticised before. These things lead to domestic tragedies at times, and yet neither son nor father is quite to blame.

The best class of Jew in the Mellah has ideas and ideals, but outside the conduct of his business he lacks initiative. He believes most firmly in the future of the Jewish race, the ultimate return to Palestine, the advent of the Messiah. Immersed in these beliefs, he does not see dirt collecting in the streets, and killing little children with the diseases it engenders. Gradually the grime settles on his faith too, and he loses sight of everything save commercial ends and the observances that orthodoxy demands. His, one fears, is a quite hopeless case. The attention of philanthropy might well turn to the little ones, however. For their sake some of the material benefits of modern knowledge should be brought to the Mellah. Schools are excellent; but

children cannot live by school learning alone.

Going from the Mellah I saw a strange sight. By the entrance to the "salted place," there is a piece of bare ground stretching to the wall against which sundry young Jews in black djellabas sat at their ease, their hair curled over their ears and black caps on their heads in place of the handkerchiefs favored by the elders of the community. One or two women were coming from the Jewish market, their bright dresses and uncovered faces a pleasing contrast to the white robes and featureless aspect of the Moorish women. A little Moorish boy, seeing me regard them with interest, remarked solemnly, "There go those who will never look upon the face of God's prophet," and then a shareef, whose portion in Paradise was, of course, reserved to him by reason of his high descent, rode into the open ground from the Madinah. I regret to record the fact that the holy man was drunk (whether upon hashish or the strong waters of the infidel, I know not), and to all outward seeming his holiness alone sufficed to keep him on the back of the spirited horse he bestrode. He went very near to upsetting a store of fresh vegetables belonging to a True Believer, and then nearly crushed an old man against the wall. He raised his voice, but not to pray, and the people round him were in sore perplexity. He was too holy to remove by force, and too drunk to persuade; so the crowd, realizing that he was divinely directed, raised a sudden shout. This served. Straightway the hot-blooded Barb made a rush for the arcade leading to the Madinah, and carried the drunken saint with him, cursing at the top of his voice, but sticking to his unwieldy saddle in manner that was admirable and truly Moorish. If he had not been holy he would have been torn from his horse, and, in native par-

lance, would have "eaten the stick," for drunkenness is a grave offence in orthodox Morocco.

We rode back into the Madinah to see it in another aspect. The rapid rise of the sun had called the poorer workers to their daily tasks; buyers were congregating round the market stalls of the dealers in meat, bread, vegetables, and fruit. With perpetual grace to Allah for his gift of custom, the merchants and their assistants were parting with their wares at prices far below anything that rules in the coast towns of the Sultan's country.

The absence of My Lord Abd el Aziz and his Court had tended to lower rates considerably. It was hard to realize that while food cost so little, there were hundreds of men, women, and children within the city to whom one good meal a day was something

almost unknown; yet this was certainly the case.

Towering above the other buyers were the trusted slaves of the wazeers in residence—tall negroes from the far south for the most part, hideous men, whose black faces were made the more black by contrast with their white robes. They moved with a certain sense of dignity and pride through the ranks of the hungry free men round them; clearly, they were well-contented with their lot—a curious commentary upon the European notions of slavery, based, to be sure, upon European methods with regard to it.

The whole formed a marvellous picture, and how the pink roses, the fresh green mint and thyme, the orange flowers, and other blossoms, sweetened the narrow bazaars, garbage strewn under foot, and roofed overhead with dried leaves of the palm.

The Fortnightly Review.

S. L. Bensusan.

LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WARNINGS AND A VENTURE.

I slept but little that night, as may be imagined, and set forth at early dawn on the morrow with none of the joyousness of the previous day. I was oppressed with anxiety and harassed by a thousand doubts and fears; underlying all was a feeling which I will not call distrust, but rather acute uneasiness, with regard to that secret of Mrs. Dorothy's, for which she chose so strange and sinister a hiding-place.

Notwithstanding my dislike of the growing intimacy between her and Sir Jocelyn, I was even tempted to wish that she would bestow on him at least

some portion of her confidence; he alone had the power, as he had also the will, to protect her, and might advise her in what I could not but think her present dangerous predicament. He alone exercised authority over his Cousin, who would not, or I was much mistaken, suffer the matter to rest there. Though he dared not openly betray his enmity, I felt convinced that he would employ all the artifice of which he was master to bring discredit on the woman for whose sake he had himself been treated with such contumely.

On arriving at Lychgate I found Mrs. Dorothy already afoot, wandering aimlessly about the meadow; and at sight

of me she began to ply her rake with fevered energy. Her face was pale and drawn with anxiety, and by the look of her eyes she, too, had not slept.

"Oh, Madam," cried I, breathlessly, and without pausing to greet her, "Madam, I feel that you are in danger. If you have aught that you are desirous of concealing would it not be well to place it in greater safety than at present?"

She gazed at me in terror, her face even paler than before.

"I cannot," she murmured, speaking with difficulty, for her lips were parched. "Oh, Luke, I could never go through it again. How do I know what might happen, and where—great Heavens! can I find a safe hiding-place? Oh no, I must trust to fate—and Sir Jocelyn," she added. "Sir Jocelyn will protect me. That man will never dare—"

"Not openly, perhaps," said I, sadly, "but snakes creep through the grass, Madam, and moles work underground." and with that I fell to work as diligently as I might, but without heart or spirit.

That my forebodings were not without foundation was presently proved by the fact that of all the cheerful workers who had come so willingly to our assistance yesterday but few returned to fulfill their promise of aid for to-day; and these looked morose and sullen, avoiding speech with Mrs. Ullathorne and glancing at her askance. From this I judged that Master Robert's influence was already at work, and that he had lost no time in arousing the suspicions of the credulous village folk.

One could scarce believe the scene to be the same as that which had witnessed the blithe labors of yesterday. The workpeople attached to the place, and their few assistants, raked and tossed the hay in silence when Dorothy was near, and muttered to each

other, with gloomy looks, in her absence; and though they plied them with refreshments as before, they ate apparently without appetite or enjoyment, and it was noticeable that no man would go nigh the house for so much as a draught of water, and that Dorothy's women, when forced to go thither by her command, made a wide circuit, so as to avoid passing the graveyard, and even then, returned with scared faces and short breathing.

The day was extremely close and sultry; a kind of thick vapor hung about the heavy foliage of the trees, and the lowering sky wore that coppery tinge which betokens coming storm.

By six o'clock, however, the work was concluded and the hay secured in cocks. Mrs. Dorothy, who had still kept her pretty gracious manner in spite of the trouble which was upon her, thanked them many times for their kind and neighborly help, and asked them if they would not partake of a syllabub at parting, which she had just caused to be made, and which would refresh and invigorate them after their long and tedious labors.

Seeing that the folks hesitated, she added quickly:—

"If you will walk quietly to the gate, I will have it served to you there."

They agreed to this willingly; and presently she and I between us carried out a great crock full, and her maids followed with bowls into which we ladled the rich foaming stuff.

The poor girl had said that she trusted to Fate, and Fate, to her often unkind, chose this very moment to play her a scurvy trick. For while the neighbors stood about the lychgate, peaceably drinking, there came of a sudden that awful rumbling of wheels and trampling of invisible feet which betokened the advent of the Ghost Coach. There was a moment's hushed silence, and then a scene of such tumult as I can never describe. The

mugs and their contents were cast upon the ground, and folks fled hither and thither screaming; and some called upon Heaven to protect them, and some cursed Mrs. Dorothy for her dealings with evil spirits, and declared that she must surely be in league with the devil; and louder than all the din they made came the steady tramping of feet that left no trace behind, the continuous roll of the advancing wheels. I caught Dorothy by the arm as she stood transfixed with terror, and though my own limbs trembled under me, I hurried her swiftly to the house. But there, as I thrust her within the door and was for leaving her, she clung to me piteously as she had done once before, and besought me to remain with her.

"Nay," I returned, "I must go back and parley with them, else perhaps they'll be for doing you a mischief."

"Oh," cried she, "I fear not flesh and blood—but this awful nameless terror —"

I broke from her, however, cursing the chance which had kept Patty at home that day to do some baking for my Mother; for her little, warm, live presence would have brought as much comfort I doubt to that distracted soul as my own sturdy self.

The crowd was already dispersed when I got back, having taken advantage of the momentary lull, when the ghostly procession paused before the Cross, to fly in the contrary direction; and I spoke to the few stragglers as cheerfully as I could, reminding them of what ancient date was this strange Visitation, and how harmless in its nature. But in the midst of my harangue, the noise began again, and the folks, who had indeed scarce heeded my talk, fled like the others, leaving me to await with blanched face and chattering teeth the advent of the dreadful cavalcade.

One terror succeeded another that

night; for no sooner had the funeral train ceased to walk, than such a storm burst upon the land as I do not remember ever to have witnessed. The very heavens seemed to crack, and the clouds to spit forth lightning as forked and venomous as fiery snakes, which appeared in the sky in a dozen places at once; the crashing thunder was awful enough to make man and beast alike quake as they hearkened; many indeed were struck, and the great elm in Mrs. Dorothy's meadow, beneath which we had feasted so gaily on the previous day, was riven from top to bottom. When the rain fell it was with such overwhelming might and density that much damage was done to the standing crops, and the flood subsequently rising laid waste many a cornfield and meadow, and likewise drowned numbers of sheep and lambs.

Instead of regarding this general misfortune as a visitation of Providence, many of the country people were foolish enough to think it the work of hapless Mrs. Dorothy.

"Do you mind," said they one to another, "how she held back the storm till her own hay was safe? Aye, and her corn stands high and dry. But because her wicked practices were suspected—and must she not indeed be in league with Old Horny if she actually tampers with dead men's graves—she must needs vent her malice on us all."

For nigh upon a week not even her own workpeople ventured to go nigh her, but at last they came straggling back, for her pay was good and work not so plentiful that it could be despised. Moreover, as they said, the days were long enough and light enough for them to go and come without terror of the darkness, and after all no harm had as yet befallen them. I doubt not that each was provided with some potent charm—the breastbone of a goose or a pierced stone, or such-like—which enabled them to set

at naught the machinations of the Evil One.

The poor girl herself kept close within doors for a full se'nnight, at the end of which time, the floods having subsided, and matters having more or less returned to their normal course, she came once more to visit my Father. I could not help feeling great curiosity about her first meeting with Sir Jocelyn, who had, for his part, continued to appear regularly at the customary hour, and was good enough, in Mrs. Ullathorne's absence, himself to read the paper aloud.

She was very pale when my Mother led her in, and I noticed that her breath came quickly as she greeted Sir Jocelyn, and that she seemed ill at ease.

But he on his part was all anxiety to reassure her, and made himself more than ordinarily pleasant to carry off the constraint and awkwardness of the situation.

Thus, when my Father somewhat reproachfully told her that she was a great stranger, he asked him gaily whether he would have the lady to take boat or balloon in order to visit him, declaring that till then the roads had been impassable to a female either on horseback or afoot.

A further diversion was presently caused by the entrance of Mrs. Penny, big with a message from her Ladyship, which, however, Sir Jocelyn would not allow her to deliver, but made an imperious sign to her to sit down. She accordingly took a place beside Patty on the window-seat, and Mrs. Ullathorne, who had scarcely raised her eyes from the page, continued to read.

My Father was indeed much interested, for that issue of the *Daily Courant* contained important tidings of different kinds; giving the text of the Act of Neutrality, signed on the thirty-first day of the previous March; secondly, the Declaration of King Augustus of

Poland, and further—a thing of which my Father always took particular note—the list of Her Majesty's ships which had recently come into port and those which sailed westward.

At the conclusion of this paragraph Mrs. Dugden, who had been fidgeting, as the saying goes, like a hen on a hot griddle, could contain herself no longer, and with a hasty greeting to my Father burst out:—

"Oh, if you please, Cousin Jocelyn, do me the favor of letting me carry home that paper immediately, for I assure you her Ladyship has missed it, and is much displeased. She has invited Mr. Formby to step up this evening on purpose to acquaint him with the news. And, indeed, I believe Doctor Bradley——"

"Oh, if Doctor Bradley be coming, no wonder you are in a flutter, Cousin Penny," returned Sir Jocelyn laughing. "Take back the News paper by all means, and be sure you read the advertisements together. I see here set forth an announcement of 'The famous Royal Essence—for the Hair of the Head and Periwigs, which is not only the best preserver of Hair in the world, keeping that of Periwigs in the curl and all Hair from fading, but by its Incomparable Perfume it strengthens the Brain, revives the Spirits, quickens the Memory, but never raises the Vapors in Ladies.' Let him see that, my good Penny, and you will soon call forth Doctor Fanny's ire, for he will think this hairdresser trespasses on his particular preserves."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Penny with a titter, "I often divert myself by showing these advertisements to Doctor Bradley, and he is not always angry, I assure you, Cousin Jocelyn—on the contrary, he sometimes laughs heartily. He asked me the other day, when I pointed out to him an advertisement of the 'Angelic Cough Tincture,' how it came by such a name. 'For,' said he,

'I was never before aware that the angels were accustomed to catch cold.' Now was not that a droll speech, Cousin Jocelyn?"

Here Mrs. Penny broke off to laugh, but immediately continued, for when her Ladyship was not there to keep her in order Mrs. Penny dearly loved to babble, and this time she assumed a more serious expression.

"You must know I consider Doctor Fanny quite justified in condemning the greater part of these advertisements, for he tells me much evil comes from them. For instance, he informs me that many an innocent babe which dies of convulsions in teething, might be saved if an apothecary were called in to lance its gums, 'instead of which,' says he, 'the foolish parents think to cure it by hanging an *Infallible Necklace* round its neck, which of course,' says he, 'is the merest quackery and can do no manner of good to the unfortunate infant.' 'Then again,' said he, 'these lotteries about which such a deal of pernicious nonsense is talked, do they not bring ruin and destruction on many an honest home, by arousing a gambling spirit in those who had before no propensity to such a vice, by driving many a miserable wretch to drink, who—'"

"Ah," said Sir Jocelyn, interrupting her without ceremony, "I fear it would take even a greater Wiseacre than Doctor Fanny Bradley to put a stop to the rage for lotteries. The country is going mad over the great one at Guildhall, which gives a million and a half in prizes."

Mrs. Penny was casting up her eyes and hands in preparation for the delivery of a further instalment of second-hand sagacity, when her Cousin recalled her to more practical matters by holding out the News paper.

"There, you had better make haste back with this," said he, "or her Ladyship will chafe at the delay. Be sure

you do not forget to show the advertisements to Doctor Bradley."

Then, as Mrs. Penny blushed, he added with an arch look:

"I vow Doctor Fanny's name is as good as the Britannic Beautifier to you, Cousin Penny, for it makes you bloom like a rose. I think you like Dr. Fanny very well, my dear, and I am sure that he, for his part—"

"Oh, la, Sir Jocelyn, pray, pray do not say such things! Whatever would my Lady think if she heard you?" and clutching the News paper with a startled look the poor lady hurried from the room.

"Now there," said Sir Jocelyn, looking after her, "goes one who by all the laws of God and man should be Doctor Fanny's mate. I protest the two were made for each other, for while she thinks the good, dull man a paragon of virtue and wisdom, he considers her the pink of feminine perfection, aye, and I dare swear, finds a thousand beauties in her faded face. I came upon 'em a few days ago in the garden—but 'tis not fair to tell tales out of school, and nothing is more certain than that they will never make a match of it for fear of incurring the displeasure of my Lady Mother. It is marvelous what follies folks will commit for lack of a little moral courage. Doctor Bradley is a man of independent means who could well afford to keep a Wife, yet will he never speak, and all because of a little sharp-tongued old woman!"

During this harangue Sir Jocelyn had alternately addressed himself to my Father and Mrs. Ullathorne, but while the former had evinced concurrence in the sentiments expressed by sundry clackings of the tongue and inarticulate murmurs, the lady had scarcely shown signs of attending to, much less appreciating, them.

Thereupon Sir Jocelyn addressed her directly.

"Pray, Madam, do you not agree with me?"

She gave a great start.

"I don't know—I beg your pardon—my thoughts were wandering elsewhere."

"So I perceive," said he, quite good-humoredly. "Of what were you thinking, Mrs. Ullathorne?"

"Did I not hear you say just now," asked she, "that an immense sum of money—a million and a half, I think you said—was to be given in prizes at some public lottery?"

"The great State Lottery, Madam," said he; and then, smiling and raising his eyebrows, "What have we here, a gambler?"

"I would fain make money," she replied almost sullenly, while the color rushed over her face.

"Nay, my dear," said my Father earnestly, "leave these matters alone. No woman gained any good by meddling wi' such like. Sure you're comfortable enough as you are now, and like to be more so wi' such a face to your fortune."

And here he winked and looked extremely knowing. But Mrs. Dorothy paid no heed to him.

"I would I knew particulars," said she. "I would give anything to have a ticket. Is it too late to procure one now, I wonder?"

"Why, the drawings are being made every day," said Sir Jocelyn, gazing at her sharply. "I know not if it would be possible to obtain one. Perhaps some enterprising person might be persuaded to retail one at a high premium, if one was on the spot in town."

"Oh, I long to have one," cried she, "and I would willingly pay the fee and run the risk—but alas! I know not how to set about it. And how can I make inquiries from this place? The whole affair would doubtless be at an end by the time my letter reached, even if I knew whom to write to."

"Madam," said Sir Jocelyn rising, "your wish is a command. I will myself post to London this very night and inquire what may be done in the matter."

"Eh, dear! well to be sure!" cried my Father, "did ever a body hear the like?"

Dorothy was looking earnestly at Sir Jocelyn; her face was very pale.

"Even for the gratification of my wish I would not put you to so much trouble," said she falteringly, yet with a certain wistfulness in her tone.

"Never think of that," cried he lightly. "I will, if it please you, go shares in the venture and stand to rise or fall with you. The ticket shall belong to both of us. If we win, my journey will not have been in vain; if we lose I shall still have my reward."

"What reward?" queried she quickly.

"The knowledge of having tried to please you," said he, and then he added in a lower tone, gazing at her the while as though he would fain read her very soul, "the consciousness that you placed at least a partial trust in me. Ah, if I had but your entire confidence!"

I think by this time both had forgotten the presence of so many homely listeners, for she looked back at him as though pained, yet with defiance too, and answered in a low voice:—

"That will I give to no man in the world."

But both were all at once recalled to a sense of their surroundings by my Father exclaiming in a scandalized tone:—

"Tut, tut, my dear, what folly is this! Won't trust Sir Jocelyn, won't ye? Indeed you should know better, for he is as kind and honorable a gentleman as any in the whole of Lancashire."

"To that I heartily agree," said she, with one of her sudden bright smiles. "And I am about to prove my faith in him by letting him make this venture

for me. I think we shall win," she added in an altered voice. "I should be lucky at such hazards. And here she sighed, and Sir Jocelyn, with a sudden keen glance, inquired why she made the prophecy so dolefully.

"Because," said she, "I am so unlucky in other ways."

His face clouded over then, and, after a moment's silence, he bade us farewell, saying he must make instant preparations for his journey.

The London Times.

(*To be continued.*)

AUTUMN ON DARTMOOR.

Among the charms of the Moor is the variety brought about by varying seasons, dry, hot, or rainy, as the case may be. One year a certain color predominates, the next another. This wet summer suited the foxgloves, which shot up in their thousands along the bordering walls, and the scabious tribe have made an unaccustomed impression, first in many lilac shades, and later, in more delicate patches of blue. The heather is seldom affected by weather peculiarities, but something in the rainy season has drawn forth such a glory of creeping gorse that it has turned the slopes into a veritable field of cloth of gold. What country in the world, in its most gorgeous coloring, can surpass the purple and gold of our moors? Low and even, broken only by the tender green of fine turf, the rich red-brown of the dying bracken, and the gray of granite, it sweeps to the very summit of the tors, taking swift shadows from the clouds, and a regal splendor from the sun, carrying on the eye, fold after fold, until on one side the tors are veiled in mist, while on the other the slopes sink into massed woods, into blue distances, sometimes into a whiteness which is not mist but sea.

"I shouldn't wonder," said my Father, when Mrs. Dorothy also had departed, "I shouldn't wonder if, after Sir Jocelyn's return, we all heard a bit o' news—gradely news."

As I forebore to ask its nature my Father, to make his meaning clear, began to hum, much out of tune, but to the best of his ability, the air of "Haste to the Wedding."

Nor in any recalling of the Moor should its skies be forgotten. No breadth here of overhanging unbroken blue; no calm untroubled expanse, speaking peace, rather an eternal procession of clouds, infinitely varied in form, lowering in depths of gloom, lighting the heavens with white radiance, hastily parting here and there to let through a vision of blue, only to close as hastily again; rent, tattered, filmy, plied in mountainous curves; gathering, menacing, dispersing, creeping round to swathe you in an unexpected mist of rain, or perhaps falling in one of those silvery showers lit with sunshine from behind, which our countryfolk call frisky-trades.

Of heavier rain there is no lack. The Moor saying, cast in our teeth by enemies, has, it must be owned, rather more than a foundation of fact:

The South wind always brings us rain,
The North wind blows it back again;
The West wind surely means wet
weather,
The East wind wet and cold together.

Well, well, well, let querulous tongues have their say. The fine days, when they come, make amends for all, and—in summer and autumn at any rate

—what kindly rain it is! The southwest winds race joyfully up from the sea, full of salt and vigorous merriment. Never had wind a finer playground, for such trees as there are huddle together in the valleys, and there is nothing to break the wild sport of the gales except an occasional dwarfed thorn. These thorns must be of an extreme age, and their naked roots, uncouth and knotted, grip the tops of the walls, holding on desperately there for dear life, while over their flattened heads sweep the winds, rushing up to the gray stones which cap the hills, the tors round which discussion has raged as stormily as the wind. Indeed it has not yet been absolutely determined whether they have a volcanic, glacial, or sacrificial origin, though science inclines to the glacial theory. Merely looking at them, it is difficult to admit that human labor can have had nothing to do with the poisoning of the great stones, or, if this be conceded, that they were not at some remote time claimed for sacrificial purposes. The name of Beltor has a suggestive ring, while from Castor an old road runs directly down to Holy Street.

Nevertheless, in spite of many ingenious theories, there is no proof whatever of the existence of Druidical worship on Dartmoor. Such remains as are found are now believed to belong to a yet earlier race. The men of the Stone period who—driven by causes of which we know nothing—came from the mainland, probably set up stones and circles, but doubtless found much ready to their hand, for ice and water will break strong granite into blocks, and leave them piled where before stood a single mighty mass. Wind will also help the work by whirling round and round those smaller stones which collect in a hollowed basin, wearing it away through the long procession of centuries, by little and little thinning, and at last piercing, the granite. With

such materials scattered about, Neolithic man was able to set up his stone circles in ever-varying size and number; his stone rows, single, double, treble; his pillar-menhirs, his logans, his cromlechs with their cover-stones, his kistvaens, holed tolmens, rock basins, cairns. Some may have served for purposes of worship, others, there is little doubt, for burial, but generally it is easier to say what they were not than what they were. In certain cases the height of the pillars may have increased from the earth which once banked them having been washed away.

Digging has brought to light a few—only a few—bronze implements. Stone and flint arrow-heads are abundant, but of bones there are none. Their absence, however, is easily accounted for, peat having no lime and greedily devouring any that comes in its way.

Of hut circles there are many remains. The huts appear to have been built of stone, each close to the other, with a common roof of reed or wattle, which also covered the central space. The pounds were safety shelters for man and beast, the walls forming rough but strong fortifications. Grimsound gave a remarkably strong retreat for hard-pressed Neolithic man. It had double walls of a tremendous thickness round its hut circles and its perennial spring. How did these prehistoric moormen set up stones six feet broad and five thick? Or how, to take a Dartmoor feature more unique than its menhirs and tolmens, how did they build their Cyclopean bridges, where you find stones laid which measure fifteen feet by six? The mighty slabs rest on great blocks of granite, and to this day, if even a tiny stream has to be crossed you will see its bridge made in the same manner.

Granite is everywhere. There are some hundred varieties on the Moor

Its gray boulders rear themselves out of the cloud of dying bracken in delightful contrast; gate-posts, window-lintels, the boundary-posts stuck at long intervals, the excellent quickly drying roads—are of granite. Most beautiful of all are the old walls, marching unevenly across the moor. The making of these walls is a rapidly vanishing art, like that of the Devon thatcher, whose smooth and velvety work could never be equalled by other counties. The wall builder was primitive and unsparing in his methods; he used neither cement nor mortar. All the strength and the fitness and the durability—and how great they were!—lay in the skill with which he placed stone upon stone, you may say boulder upon boulder, since many of the stones are so huge that we wonder at the labor which dragged and set them sideways in their place. The maker probably drew his lesson from the tors about him, for he has piled so loosely that the attacking winds blow through the interstices, and work no harm. The stones are of every size and shape, and no wall can be more beautiful. Not only are the weather-beaten gray blocks patched with lichen of pearler grays and cushioned with moss, but the finest turf in the land sweeps up from the ground to cover many of them, so that you have half wall, half bank. Polypody and foxgloves spring out of the crevices, brambles clamber here and there, rose campion waves vigorously, the delicate blue of the sheep's-bit scabious brightens the turf, the pink rattle lies close and low, sometimes a flaunting blotch of almost menacing scarlet marks the spot where a group of fungus asserts itself.

These walls are low, with very uneven edges. They shut out no beauty, but give a sense of human companionship, not unwelcome, for you may walk for an hour and meet no fellow-wayfarer. There, however, on a far slope,

is pitched a gipsy encampment, tents and caravans with blue smoke curling against the hill-side. For them it is a breezy wholesome place. Horses and ponies can feed daintily on the sweet short turf, the men can snare rabbits, and if gipsies still eat hedgehogs, here is an excellent chance of finding a fat fuzz-pig. For their fires they send out the children to gather kindling from the burnt furze-bushes. Why, by the way, are these black and charred sticks known to the country people by the name of chronicles? They cannot be said to add to the beauty of our Moor, for they give an air of desolation and of waste places, but they are a characteristic feature. So are the vags, or vellies, the peat which may be seen in large heaps, cut, and ready for stacking.

Without heeding numberless rocks and downs and clitters and hills, Dartmoor can count no fewer than a hundred and fifty-five distinct tors, with some highly suggestive names—Hell-tor, Wind-tor, Winter-tor, Ravens'-tor, Laughter-tor. Hey-tor, with his curved hood, reigns at this end. He is a monarch, but a social and easy-going monarch, suffering many things from the many people who scale his sides, and picnic on his heights. Far off, as the train brings its summer loads, he is the first to be recognized and joyfully greeted. Round him lie his great brethren, more aloof, more difficult of reach, more impressive, Saddle-tor, Rippon, the jagged heights of Hound-tor, and little Honey-bag, while all the west is filled with the vast sweep of Hameldon, shouldering the clouds, and catching their every shadow; and more northwards swells the great curve of Cawsand Beacon, one of the highest points, from top of which a man can look on either side at a sea.

Dartmoor has the richest tin lodes in the world, worked in early days by the

Phoenicians, who, in return for their spoils, are popularly supposed to have taught West-countrymen the art of making Devonshire cream. Possibly the tinners burnt up the trees, if trees there were, but a forest did not always imply a wood, and the broad heaving moors were the hunting grounds of kings. Now, unlike Exmoor, only an occasional stray red deer makes his way to these softer southern heights. Foxes hold their own, and have developed breeds with names which tell a vigorous tale; such names as the Dartmoor Greyhound and the Broadbury Tiger. There are badgers and otters on the borders, and the great bat and shrew still survive. Sometimes, in crossing the Moor, you will run up against an apparently purposeless wall, butting out into two or three sharp angles and ending in space. This is for winter weather, for the desolate days when snow lies thick, fogs roll down, bitter winds sweep over the treeless spaces, and there is no other protection for the cattle than the lee of these kindly walls. Here they huddle, perhaps passing days without food, the hardy rough-coated ponies, which roam at pleasure about the Moor, peering at you from under shaggy forelocks as you pass.

The Devonshire talk—dying out, alas, elsewhere—lingers, rich and expressive, on the Moor. Occasionally, but rarely, you strike what may be a trace left behind of the French prisoners who were drearily confined here during the great war. A left-handed person, for instance, has to bear the weight of the strange adjective coochy-pawed, and it does not seem unlikely that gauche à pied may be responsible for the term of reproach. There is an unexpected flippancy about their name for the devil, Tantarabobs, and one wonders who gave uncle the meaning to cheat and deceive. But the old words are being pushed out by the inexorable

march of education—so inexorable even here, that you will daily meet small children walking their six miles to school and back—it is to the old Moor dwellers you must turn if you wish to hear them in their wealth. Their ignorance and their knowledge remain as firmly fixed as their granite posts. What they have they hold, what they have not they do not desire. "Where does that road go?" "Doan't know. He've bin theer so long as I can mind."

They do not tarvel, they do not read; in their hearts still lingers a lurking belief in pixies, a lurking hope that should fog or snow bewilder them, the little gray man will come—no one knows from whence—to their help. But the poor pixies or picksies—whose worst sins seem to have been mere Puck-like mischief—are being scared away by the sound of the church bell. The Cobbedick still haunts his hill, and more menacing and terrible are the Yeth-hounds, Wish-hounds, or Hell-hounds, as they are called, whose baying is sure to bring misfortune to those who hear. As in Brittany, the great stones dance, and the fear of witches may yet afflict some wild spots. In one or two places on the Moor you will find stuck on an old iron stand a picturesque looking cresset, no doubt once used as a beacon, and still called a witch's beacon. Such beliefs die hard, and are not dead here, but they are slowly retiring, and hiding themselves in shamefacedness. The moor-men will not talk of them, and are aware that the parson would disapprove. The parson himself shares the universal change. No longer is there the chance of a non-resident and seldom-visiting minister being warned from entering his pulpit, because "th' awld hen hev' bin a settin' theer on a brude all the week," or of another parson describing his curate's ministrations in the words, "I keps a boy to

du the work. I sits in the vestry and heers un tell."

Out of the shadowy past, however, there are yet a few survivals, and the packhorse is one of them. With his long crooks sticking out on either side, supporting a big load of furze or withered fern, you are likely to meet him as you walk across the Moor, and the Moor track-lines were probably first made for his journeyings. Granite roads, granite dykes run in all directions, though often buried by the growth of ages. There are also traces of covered ways by which the primitive moormen safely reached their springs or encampments, much as now in the Khyber Pass you may see dug-out trenches along which the Afghans slips from the security of the British protected road to his own unprotected dwelling.

This year the small mountain streams have been fuller than usual. Narrow and swift they rush down, cutting a gravelly path through ferns and heather. So playful are they, in so many quirks and frisks and pretences of falls and rapids do they indulge, that it is difficult not to believe that they are things of life. Though their peaty sides are often downtrodden by the cattle which come to drink, they remain as clear as glass without a tinge of muddy discolouration, and the tinkling laughter of their music is among the delights of the Moor. Were it not for them and the brisk chirp of the chats, our autumn silences might become oppressive. For the larks sing no more, and the wild curlew cry has ceased. Plovers there are, and a few starlings, while here and there you may be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of a golden-crested wren, or of a tiny rollicking blue tit, swinging head downwards from a twig. Tits, indeed, are so common on the Moor, that the country folk are disposed to call all birds irrespectively by their special nick-

name. Enquire as to some bird, and ten to one you will be told "I sim 'tes a heckymal." The little wren, however, is a nickytope, thrushes are fuzz-brakes, and there are all the chats—fuzz-chat, whin-chat, stone-chat—their favorite perching place the highest point of the plant they select. Robins will have nothing to do with the solitude of the Moor. Where a house or farm is tucked away under sheltering trees, there they will be found, alert and friendly, and there, too, are the owls, crying and hooting through the night. The great sparrow-hawk, on the contrary, chooses the broad empty spaces, poised above which he can look down, mark his prey, and swoop upon it with swift and deadly certainty. There is a hope that buzzards are becoming less rare. The nightjars' rattle breaks the stillness of the dusk, though not so persistently as in Hampshire fir-woods. Kingfishers are fairly common, in wild parts of the Moor ravens still breed, the ring ouzel is a constant, the bunting an occasional visitor. The song of the hedge-sparrow disputes that of the robin in the autumn, snipe and woodcock breed sparingly and woodpeckers frequent the moor. Now and again a long-legged heron sails into our solitudes, and, dropping by some tiny stream, watches there for an hour, like the patient fisher that he is.

This has not been a butterfly year, and there has been no such sight as we saw last summer, eight gorgeous peacock butterflies disporting themselves at once on a border of china asters in front of the house.

The sogs, or bogs, are happy hunting places for the botanist, for there in great contentment wave the marsh violet, ragged robin, bog-pimpernel, bog-rushes, bog-stitchwort. Beware, however of a rash step, or in a moment you may find yourself "stogged," drawn downwards by an almost irresistible

suction. It is difficult to hold back when a fine specimen of buck-bean, the marsh bog-orchis, or some of the innumerable mosses of the Moor with their picturesque names, lie within what seems easy reach. Dartmoor peat is very rich, in spots measuring a depth of from twenty to thirty feet, and the Cornish tanners fell back upon it when they had burnt up their timber. It is still used for fuel, and you often see it lying in heaps ready for carting; it makes a splendid soil for the moor flowers, sundews, wild thyme, stitchworts, tormentils, and the graceful little ivy campanula. And it is yet more attractive to the whole of the fern tribe. If you are fortunate you may find many varieties, perhaps among them Osmunda regalis, moonworts, ophioglossum, or filmy and prickly toothed ferns, while mosses and lichens are there in their troops. There, too, you may happen on the cowberry and the crowberry, and you cannot miss the whortleberries, familiarly known as 'hurts. 'Hurt gathering begins with a charm, without which it will not prosper:

The first I pick, I eat;
The second I pick, I throws away;
The third I pick, I puts in my can;

This said, the picking goes merrily on.

The Cornhill Magazine.

More rarely, on the slopes of one or two tors, you may find an occasional patch of the beautiful little Mount Ida whortleberry, with its white arbutus-like flowers and scarlet berries.

A big thunderstorm on the Moor is a grand experience. The clouds hurry up, charge into each other, and in a moment all delicate beauties are lost in an inexpressibly wild desolation, a turmoll of passion. Always, too, at the back of your mind, lurks a consciousness that, bad as the storm is, it may possibly become worse, for that nearly three-century-old recorded storm which broke upon Widecombe Church, killed four people and injured sixty, has to this day left a fear behind it. Widecombe keeps its memory in a quaint tablet of rhyme recounting the incidents of

so strange a storm,
Which who had seen would say 'twas
hard to have preserved a worm.

Widecombe and Ashburton are among the finest of Dartmoor churches, and in Ashburton—surely with her tongue yet in her cheek—lies that Elizabeth Ireland whose cynical epitaph once told the reader:

Here I lie at the chancel door;
Here I lie because I'm poor;
The farther in the more you pay,
Here lie I as warm as they.

F. M. Peard.

IS HUMOR DECLINING?

We are frequently assured that it is. It may perhaps be worth while to inquire if there be any real grounds for such an assertion.

But first of all we must define humor in some sort, before we can pronounce upon its condition. Definitions are proverbially dangerous. They are

indeed edged tools, and those who handle them incautiously are more likely than not to cut their fingers. Personally, I must confess that I have found that to define humor is—no joke. It would be easier to say what humor is not, than what it is. For humor is not merely wit, and humor is not mere-

ly fun, and humor is not merely the stimulation of amusement; though it may and does embrace all three. Moreover, we know that the humor of yesterday is not always the humor of to-day. "The centre of gravity," as I saw it wittily expressed in this connection the other day, "has shifted" and is ever shifting. What makes one generation hold its sides with laughter may, and very often does, fail to move a muscle in the faces of the next. Then too, we speak of racial humor, of English humor, and Irish humor and American humor, and so forth; and we are all quite clear that there is a distinct and unmistakable difference between them; though most of us perhaps would be hard put to accurately or even generally define the difference in so many words. That the humor of "Mr. Dooley" and the humor of *The Dolly Dialogues* is as widely separate as the distance which stretches between their respective authors, we are perfectly aware; and we readily recognize that "Ally Sloper" is as far from Phil May as *Pre-historic Peeps* from *Comic Cuts*.

These are only one or two examples taken at random from an almost endless variety, but they serve to illustrate the kind of differences that confront us.

But for our definition we must look deeper. We must try and get under the differences and get hold of the essential essence of all humor, and find out what it is. And when we have done that, must we not admit that the essential essence of humor is incongruity? And by incongruity I mean the strange secret antagonistic elements lying deep at the very heart of human affairs. Humor is the quick perception, acute and penetrating, of this inexplicable but ever-present incongruity, and the true humorist is one who, looking deep into the heart of human affairs, presents this incon-

gruity anew in a flash of happy and vivid fancy.

But if the essential essence of humor be incongruity it is when we come to the application and presentment of it that all the various differences arise. Probably no two persons, even possessing in an equal degree what is called a "sense of humor," could be found who would regard the humorous elements of a given incident precisely alike. Infinite and endless variety is the *motif* of the whole creation, and it operates here as everywhere else. No two minds are the same, no two characters are alike, no two faces are line for line. Thank goodness they are not, and never will be, despite even the worst efforts of those reformers who would bring all mankind into one dead level of uniformity, and label it civilization. Then indeed would humor die the death. Happily we are in no danger of such a millennium, and so, as matters are, there are few things in this life about which people disagree more vigorously than humor. Everybody has his or her idea of humor, and everybody is quite persuaded that his or her idea is the right one.

And yet, in looking back over the process of evolution whereby humor has come to its present condition, it seems to me that that process has exhibited an almost unvarying progress. It is the fashion to decry our own day. It is not a new fashion, but then fashions are never new; all the so-called new fashions, if examined carefully, will be found to be merely more or less modified repetitions of older ones. The fashion of comparing the present with the past, very much to the disadvantage of the present, is at least as old as the days of the Prophet Jeremiah, so that its present professors cannot claim the merit of original discoverers. All the same they love to tell us that we live in a

day when all things are degenerate. They cry aloud to us that art is dead, and literature is dead, and statesmanship is dead, and religion is dead, and only indecent travesties of the same dance irreverently on their dis-honored graves. And among other good things, humor is dead. But is it?

Let us compare the present with the past. It is the easiest thing in the world to declare in sweeping terms that nothing now is equal to "the good old days." But I wonder if we should really think the good old days so very good if by some miraculous process we were suddenly projected into them, or they were revived for our benefit. I doubt it. There never was a truer saying than that distance lends enchantment to the view. Most things gain by distance; probably even we ourselves will gain by it; let us hope so at all events, and that our successors will look back to us and to our day and shake their heads over the sad decadence that distinguishes themselves and their day, in comparison with us and our day. After all, it comes to this, we each have our own day, but we don't have more; and so it is extremely difficult for us to form any real comparison between the days in which we live, and the days in which we had not begun to live. The best that we can do is to conjecture, from hearsay, and with the aid of more or less defective and unreliable information, what any other day was like. Now in comparing the present condition of humor with its past condition the difficulty is certainly not less; because humor is elusive and to some extent evanescent, that is in the sense of being dependent upon purely adventitious circumstances, upon what we call the psychological moments. Still we have the written testimony which remains, and from this we must draw our conclusions. And perhaps the first point which we notice is the change

in the popular conception of what constitutes humor. There are certain broad principles which show us the great progress which has been made here. Nowadays, for example, we do not allow that physical deformity and disease are legitimate or even permissible subjects for humorous treatment, while the caricaturist who should depend for the humor of his portraiture upon revolting distortion of bodily characteristics would not be tolerated for one moment. We have only to glance at the drawings of Gilray and Rowlandson for example, to go no further back, and compare their conception of caricature with ours, to see the enormous improvement that even a single century has produced. Between the pictorial buffoonery (if not worse) of Gilray and the graceful comedy of Du Maurier stretches a gulf so wide and deep that one is amazed to find that only the space of a single century went to the making of it. Elsewhere, the same development is to be seen. I do not mean to say that everybody has reached a true conception of humor in the highest sense. But the general conception is higher. It is no longer regarded as humorous to make a jest of pain or sorrow, and it is looked upon as being in the worst possible taste as well as being on the lowest level of humorous invention to make a jest of religion. No doubt the development is far from complete. There are still people whose idea of humor lies in derision and in flippancy and in being rude. But these persons are not humorists in the now generally accepted sense of the term, and if they were to put their humor to the test of earning their living by it they would find how far removed their *jeux d'esprit* were from the popular conception.

We are beginning to understand further that it is no evidence of a sense of humor to be amused at solecisms of manner or speech. They

may be laughable, but there is no humor in perceiving them. A child's blunders are amusing sometimes, but they are not humor. When Mrs. Malaprop talks of "an allegory on the banks of the Nile" it is not the obvious verbal blunder which makes the humor, but the exquisite confusion of ideas underlying her speech. And the greatness of Sheridan's humor lies not in the mere verbal misapplication of the words which he puts into her mouth, but in the underlying inappropriate appropriateness—I cannot express what I mean better—running through her mind all the time. So, too, with Sam Weller. Sam Weller's obtrusively cockney accent is amusing, but in itself it is not humorous. The poignant humor in Sam's conversation lies in Sam's point of view, in the masterly blending of shrewdness and simplicity, ignorance and native wit, the real insight and breadth of his mind, and that faculty which enables him to pierce the hidden incongruity in life's affairs, and make effective use of it.

When people elevate supercilious eyebrows and exclaim "Oh, how *screamingly* funny!" it they hear a perfectly commonplace remark uttered with an Irish brogue, or the Cockney twang, or a provincial accent, ten chances to one the same superior persons, if confronted with real humor in the true sense, would fail to recognize it.

But if we have arrived in the present day at a truer conception of humor, it does not follow, some one may say, that humor is not declining all the same. No doubt. But what are the evidences that it is declining? Was there ever a time in which humor as a salient element in our daily philosophy and in the daily outlook was more perceptible? Take that invaluable commentator Mr. *Punch*, the King's jester of our day, who fulfills the jester's part by telling us unpleasant truths in the pleasantest possible way,

who corrects our follies and our fads, and our stupidities, who keeps his head when most of us lose ours, who is so sane when we are all on (and over) the verge of hysterics; well, *Punch* is comparatively young, little more than fifty years old. Of course we constantly hear that *Punch* is growing dull, that the humor of *Punch* is not what it was. But is it? Examine the past numbers since its foundation. Honestly, apart from the historic glamor cast upon certain names, is the humor at present really below that of earlier days? Is it below even the supposed Augustan age of *Punch*'s existence, when Thackeray and Douglas Jerrold, and Mark Lemon were weekly contributors? Setting aside Thackeray—and even his highest level of humor was not attained in his work for *Punch*—is Douglas Jerrold a humorist of a higher order than Mr. Anstey or Mr. Owen Seaman? Quite the contrary, as any person whose appreciation of humor is such as to enable him to judge, and who takes the trouble to do so, can easily find out.

Then there is Ireland. The decay of humor in Ireland is a favorite lamentation. Who among us has not listened to the elegy on the dying humor of Ireland, chanted with persistent wails? Now what is this lamentation based upon?

So far as I can gather, it is based upon the fact that Ireland as we know it to-day is not Ireland as Lever knew it. Certainly it is not, but I very much doubt if Ireland was ever what he represented it, and for this reason; Lever's conception of humor was burlesque pure and simple, and I do not think it is too harsh to call him a literary buffoon. He met with amusing persons and incidents during his lifetime, as we all do; but if we all took the trouble to note them down as he did, I believe we should run him very close in the number and humor of them

even to-day. And if we had his ability and strung them all together and labelled them Ireland, we should certainly make a volume, or many volumes, with a good deal of amusement in them, but we would not show Ireland as it is. Even in Ireland life is not, and never could have been, a continuous succession of humorous incidents, any more than it is a continuous succession of pathetic incidents. There are spaces in life which no artist, however great, can adequately represent. But the artist whose insight is real learns to give them their due value in some degree at least. And in humor as in everything else, depth of perception is what tells. There is more humor in one page of Jane Barlow's *Irish Idylls* than in all the volumes of Lever's rollicking transcendent buffoonery. But then Lever belongs to the good old days, and Miss Barlow has the misfortune to belong only to the present. Long since Lever's day we had among us a humorist of whose great gift we have, alas! no permanent outcome in any literary achievement. Now if Lever had known Father Healy he would have multiplied him by the hundred; until indeed the impression left on our minds would be that the whole Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland in Lever's day consisted of Father Healy's. That was Lever's method. But if we want a true picture of Ireland we must go to a better artist, Miss Edgeworth, and if we do we will find that there is quite as much humor in Irish life to-day as there was then. Still, even admitting Lever's method to contain elements of humor, when we turn to his obvious successors at the present day we find a distinct superiority. In that extremely amusing picture of contemporary Irish life, *The Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, in which the humorous lights are professedly heightened, and the standpoint that of caricature, there is much less exaggeration, much less

purely farcical absurdity, and a total disappearance of that perverted sense which mistakes coarseness for wit and horseplay for humor.

So far from declining, humor has grown and increased in Ireland. Indeed, if we go back farther still to the early literature to which so much attention is directed just now, I think we shall find that there was no humor at all in Ireland in the days of which it treats. So far at least as I have made acquaintance with it I can find none, but my knowledge is very slight, and if I am mistaken I hope somebody who knows better will correct me. At all events the most curiously un-Irish element to me in this Gaelic revival is the lack of humor in the whole movement; though perhaps the portentous solemnity with which its pioneers treat their own merits, and discuss their own talents, the utter and absolute seriousness with which they take themselves and each other, reveals a depth of unconscious humor which does some credit to their nationality. Anyhow if we are not as humorous in Ireland to-day as our great-grandfathers were, we are at least more humorous than the dreary folk who peopled the Ireland with which Mr. Yeats and Dr. Douglas Hyde have made us acquainted. For myself I can only say that in the Gaelic Ireland of those far past days I have never met with so much as the ghost of a smile.

The fact is that the capacity for humor, like the capacity for music, has always existed in mankind. But, like music, its adequate expression is of comparatively modern growth. "Come let us be miserable together," was Nero's cheery invitation to his friends, and even as late as the eighteenth century it was the motto of our dramatists and playwrights. Garrick refused a comedy from the pen of Oliver Goldsmith on the plea that anything so unfashionable as humor would

empty his theatre. Fortunately, that state of affairs was brought to an end by one of the most incomparable pieces of humor with which human genius ever held the mirror up to human nature and reflected it faithfully. When Goldsmith took the world by storm with *She Stoops to Conquer*, he not only swept away the morbid luxury of fictitious woe in which public taste delighted, but he struck the keynote of the modern development. We owe the whole modern conception of humor to Goldsmith. He purged humor of harshness, of grossness, of acrimony. He turned the light of humor indeed upon human vanity and human frailty and human foibles, but he did it with a touch so tender, so genial, so sympathetic, with such unerring appreciation of not merely life's comedy, but life's pathos, that our laughter is thrilled through and through with pitifulness, with sympathy, with a sense of the intrinsic worth of human nature.

What Goldsmith began, Sheridan continued, and Thackeray continued, and Dickens continued. We laugh at Mrs. Malaprop, but we love her. We have been taught that contempt is no ingredient of true humor; that disdain is not the hall-mark of superior intelligence; that it is not a mark of genius to be like the immortal Mr. Mortimer Knag, who, "when he took to being a genius scorned everybody." We have put satire into its proper place, and we realize that to be personal and to be offensive is not the function nor the art of the true humorist.

In short, we have come to regard humor not merely as the most laughable, but as the most sympathetic of human philosophies. It has been elevated to a fine art—the finest art—that which brings not merely pleasure but comfort and refreshment. And all this great development has taken place, and is still going on, in the face of the very

people who yet assure us that humor is declining.

Looking back we see that it has been a steady progress, and looking forward we can see no reason why that progress should not continue.

It would be extravagant to expect that all the bores and all the dull people, and all the solemn pompous people will, under the influence of this development, be evolved into graceful humorists with a perfect sense of humor. And, indeed, if they were, the humorist's occupation might be gone. But, if we may still count on being left our bores, we may reflect that we are no worse off than the generations which have gone before us.

I have not the slightest doubt that there were plenty of bores in the good old days. Hundreds, thousands, millions of them, and that they were just as boring bores, and just as infuriating, and just as impossible to avoid as our bores. But their existence did not arrest the growth of humor one iota, and it won't do it now. And, after all, perhaps there is nothing sharpens the wits like a real boring bore—a steady, heavy, thoroughly conscientious bore, who knows his business and does it. And if the bore happens to be related to the bored, the efficacy is, as a rule, much increased. He begins by depressing, but ends by exhilarating, from the sheer force of irritation.

I heard it said the other day that we were too hurried and too busy in these days of rush and turmoil to be humorous, or to see the humor of things. I fear that view of the matter is on a par with the dear good people who tell one that they have no time to read. We all know what that means; though we may be too polite to say so.

But, some one else may say, there are no great humorists nowadays.

Well, the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, to

go no farther back, have each given us great humorists. The twentieth is still in its infancy; but if the past be a guide in forecasting the future, depend upon it, before the twentieth cen-

The National Review.

tury shall in its turn have become the "good old times," it will have provided the world with yet another great humorist.

Ella MacMahon.

THE PROFESSIONAL SUFFERER.

"By professional sufferer I mean any person who has great self-knowledge, a consummate gift for its expression in language, and an abnormal talent for feeling discomfort and discovering the ugly." This little portrait of a most maleficent type of character occurs in a charming essay by Mrs. Craigie entitled "The Science of Life" (London: Burns and Oates, 1s. net). The professional sufferers are, we fear, becoming a very large army, and there is no doubt that their presence interferes very largely with the practice of the art of life. They make it very hard to be happy, for the man who would make the most of life must start from the hypothesis that much can be made, and that, given average conditions, it is possible to find more beauty than ugliness in it, more to praise than to condemn, more to enjoy than to revile. The object of the professional sufferers is to destroy this hypothesis. Their chief weapon is the pen, their influence is everywhere. They number among their commanders a good many men of genius; but from their rank-and-file are not excluded the weak possessors of a single gift,—the gift of expressing pain. On the Continent their name is legion; even here they number their recruits by thousands. Their doctrines are spreading, and bid fair seriously to disturb the common serenity.

Of course, these satellites of a particular manifestation of genius have their good points, otherwise their influence could not be so great. They

often feel a deal of pity, and they understand the sad side of sympathy without knowing anything of that other side, the side which has so much to do with the art of life,—we mean sympathy with happiness. It does not belong to the art of life to put aside a small trouble in order to enter into a larger one; that belongs simply to a good heart; but it does belong to the art of life to put aside a small trouble in order to enter into some one else's small pleasure, and it belongs not only to a good will but to a strong one. Deliberately to subordinate some worry which has taken hold of the mind to a lighter and more cheerful train of thought, in order not to spread the wild-fire contagion of mental discomfort, requires no small amount of mental force. It is certainly a sign of weakness that so many of the serious are so sad, and their attitude renders them in part responsible for the noisy frivolity which comes of reaction. English critics of foreign fiction incessantly deplore the hopeless melancholy of its tone, but we find the same sadness and the same disillusionment in our own writers. Rudyard Kipling, of course, stands out as a brilliant exception; but, speaking generally, the world depicted in novels is a different and a far less happy one than that in which the heroes and heroines of fifty years ago disported themselves. Judging by books, and by a great deal of the cultivated conversation of the hour, we should imagine that life was far

less worth having than it used to be. Yet in so far as the world has changed at all it has certainly changed for the better. Every advance in civilization increases the possibilities of happiness. We know, of course, that all professional sufferers will deny this; but do they ever try to imagine themselves living before the great ameliorations of the last seventy years? Do they realize what dulness the means of locomotion have dispersed, what agonies the discovery of chloroform has lulled, how much cruelty legislation has curbed, how much kinder the people have become, and what the strict carrying out of the law has counted for in the development of the public conscience? Do they consider the increased opportunities which now reach to the very bottom of society, and mean the spread of hope, or would they deny the joys of successful struggle? Most of the reforms conceived a hundred years ago have been carried out, and carried out more thoroughly than those who dreamed of them could have hoped. Suppose that a doctor devoted to his profession who lived a hundred years ago could come to life again and be taken over any of the hospitals in the great capitals of Europe; suppose he were told that operations too complicated to have been dreamed of in his day were now successfully performed without causing the patient a single pang, and that all the skill and care and luxury he saw before him was at the disposal of the sick poor—he could but feel that the misery of life had been in an immense degree mitigated. Again, what a delightful sight the much-abused Board-school, with its airy rooms, orderly children, and pleasant-mannered teachers, would be to the educational theorist of seventy years ago who dreamed of righteous Factory Acts and of a time when every child would be able to read. All the multitudinous

luxuries and conveniences of science are new. All the absorbing daily interests supplied by the electric telegraph are new. All the ladders which reach from the lowest stratum of society to the highest are new. Life is in every way pleasanter and more interesting than it was. Yet as real suffering has decreased professional suffering has become more common. Great and small philosophers preach pessimism; it is insinuated in difficult treatises, in flippant conversations, and in novels with or without a purpose. Serious young people pause in the midst of their occupations to confide in their elders that they would just as soon never have been born; and indeed we believe, if a new general Thanksgiving were to be written, there would be letters in the papers demanding that the Creation clause should be left out.

How is the art of life, which is the art of happiness, to be carried on in the midst of this sombre propaganda, whose adherents not only distress the world, but, with a humorous shamelessness, demand its gratitude into the bargain. To them, they declare, the ordinary man owes his glimpse of reality; and the ordinary man seldom seems to make the obvious retort that he has been familiar with reality some long time before the professional sufferer was born. If only the genial commonplace crowd could get some cheerful genius to lead them, they might start a counter-agitation and crush the professional sufferers out of existence. Their first task—and it would be a difficult one—would be to convince the thinking world that it has fallen under the tyranny of a new obscurantism, and that the so-called realists are not realists at all. The professional sufferers have on their side the strong argument that a great deal of what they say can be proved. They deceive the world, not because the world cannot distinguish between the

true and the false, but because it cannot distinguish between the true and the typical. They tell us of all sorts of horrors, for which they can give chapter and verse, and they leave out of count altogether the immense sum of happiness which outweighs it all. They manage—such is their unfortunate skill—to interest their hearers so intensely in the details of their own moral and mental symptoms that we all begin to believe that we have got the same complaint. The old obscurantism at least kept in view some kind of ideal, and directed men's eyes to what was strengthening and elevating. The new obscurantism bids fair to be worse than the old. Freedom to inquire, if it leads to generalization from exceptions, may conduct the ordinary man farther from the truth than he had strayed when he accepted without comment so much of knowledge as it pleased the learned to give him. A picture of life which showed only its pleasanter side, as the early Victorian novelists showed it, would not, no doubt, be a perfectly true pic-

ture, but it would be a thousand times nearer to the facts than that drawn by the professional sufferer, whether he have the genius of despair or merely the gift of grumbling. Of course the wicked, the diseased, and the criminal exist; but it is no true realism which stands them in a circle round the reader so that he can see nothing else. For as the ill are to the well, as the few to the many, and as the abnormal to the normal, so are the reprobate to the respectable and the utterly wretched to the reasonably contented. An asylum for the sane would cover almost the whole world; and who could conceive the dimensions of a hospital for the healthy, a prison for the innocent, or a haven for the happy?

It is time we laid our heads together and sought a leader to guide us away from this fools' inferno into which the professional sufferer would allure us. We do not want to create for ourselves an imaginary paradise, but to realize more truly the workaday world, in which we all hope to live and enjoy ourselves for as long as may be.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The latest of the "Teddy" books will be impatiently welcomed by the host of girls who find Anna Chapin Ray's heroines charming, and "Nathalie's Sister" will hold her own easily with the rest. The impetuous, high-spirited Peggy is well drawn, and if her eccentricities of temper and manner seem to the grown-up reader a trifle exaggerated, the lessons they point are all the plainer for young eyes to see. Full of attractive incident and detail, this series has enjoyed a wide popularity, and the suggestion that the present vol-

ume is to close the "McAlister records" will rouse genuine regret. Little, Brown & Co.

Bound in delicate lavender and gilt, with gilt top, full-page illustrations in color by Elizabeth Shippen Green, and quaint decorative effects by the same artist along the margin of each page, Thompson Buchanan's novel is likely to be one of the most popular gift-books of the season. "The Castle Comedy" is a story of the England of Napoleon's time, and the fortunes of a

French dancing-master and the noble family whose wilful heiress becomes his pupil are amusingly interwoven. A testy father, a gallant captain in the English army, and a pair of Wellington's spies are among the minor figures on the picturesque stage. Harper & Bros.

"The Private Tutor" who names the clever story by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish, is a likable young fellow whose struggles with the boorish and obstinate lout entrusted to him for foreign polish by an American millionaire win one's sympathy at the start. A countess of keen business scent and dubious fascination complicates the situation for him, and his perplexities are increased still more by his own *penchant* for the charming girl to whom the young Fortunatus is destined by both sets of parents. Miss Priscilla herself is as attractive a heroine as novel-readers have met for many a long day, winsome and wholesome, but of a "restful" type very welcome by way of contrast with the swaggering, athletic damsels who are beginning to get on our nerves in fiction almost as much as they do in real life. A Roman background adds to the interest of the story.

The Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland publishes the sixteenth and seventeenth volumes of the Documentary History of The Philippines. The sixteenth volume completes the publication of Morga's remarkable work "Succesos de las Islas Filipinas" which was begun in the preceding volume and presents also the more important portions of Argensola's "Conquista de las Islas Molucas" which was printed at Madrid in 1609. These extended contemporary narratives give a vivid impression of social and political condi-

tions as they existed at the opening of the seventeenth century. The seventeenth volume covers the years from 1609 to 1616, and relates to commerce and navigation, the Jesuit missions, and ecclesiastical affairs. The documents include official reports, decrees and communications, and the narratives of ecclesiastics, and in an appendix there is given a complete chronological list of the governors of the Philippines from 1565 down to the end of the Spanish occupation in 1899, with some account of their administrations. This has unique historic value. The illustrations are facsimile reproductions of ancient titlepages and signatures.

The London Times remarks that the best poem in Mr. Swinburne's latest volume, an ode to Burns, is in form unlike anything that Mr. Swinburne has written before. It is in Burns's own favorite metre, which Wordsworth also used in his own way when he wrote of Burns; and now Mr. Swinburne has made a new and splendid use of it, importing into his own magnificence something of the directness and precise detail of the original.

The daisy by his ploughshare cleft,
The lips of women loved and left,
The griefs and joys that weave the weft
Of human time,
With craftsman's cunning, keen and
deft,
He carved in rhyme.

Mr. Swinburne thinks that Burns is most eminent, not in poetry about daisies and women and the elementary passions, but in his great ironic pieces.

Above the storms of praise and blame
That blur with mist his lustrous name,
His thunderous laughter went and
came,
And lives and flies;
The roar that follows on the flame
When lightning dies.

REST.

There remaineth a rest to the people of God.
I think it is not rest from toil alone
That doth await us in our Home above,
The while we kneel before the great
White Thorne,
But Love.

Love which shall calm the restlessness
within,
Love which shall ease us of these
hearts oppressed—
Love which outlasts death, and the
grave and sin,
Is Rest.

C. D. W.

Blink from the sod, or from the wires
Prate, idly, to each passing gust—
Meagre memorials of hard days
Here borne, and ending here—in dust:

Lonely, unwatch'd, unvisited,
Far-off alike from friend and foe,
Maybe forgotten. Overhead
The indifferent light and darkness go,
The silent days and months march on,
The mail-train passes to and fro.

On, by an Empire, furthering Fate,
Fraught with the Future, she is sped.
Behind her, humbly, these remain,
Who for her prosperous passage bled.
Behind, beside, before her, glows
The glory of the helpless dead.

B. E. Baughan.

The Spectator.

THE MAIL-TRAIN.

From Cape Town to Johannesburg—
Up, to the many-miled Karoo,
Along the spreading, sea-like veld,
Starlit, or 'neath the burning blue—
Day after day, and month by month,
Safely the mail-train passes thro'.

A vital pulse, replenishing,
From the whole world beyond the
waves,
The tingling town, whose doubled
power,
Already, doubled action craves:
From life to life, a-throb with life,
She takes her eager way—past graves:

Small, scatter'd clots of earth, wherein,
Exiled from all activity
For ever, powerless, done with, dead,
And turning to corruption, lie
Hands that were ready, hearts that
leapt,
Once, while the mail went safely by.

The ruin'd blockhouse gapes beside;
The empty food-tins,¹ red with rust,

¹ These tins, strung close together along the wires of the railway fences, served by their clatter to give the alarm if any of the enemy attempted to cross the line at night.

THE RETURN TO NATURE.

Without, the traffic shakes the dusty
street,
I sit entranced; I neither hear nor
see 't:
I know a hollow in the mountain
side . . .
All round, the forests mantle far and
wide.
A rock of basalt rears a columned wall
Whence toppling falls a snowy water-
fall—
Plumb on the crest, there springs a
mighty pine;
From every branch the hanging lichens
twine.
And, right below, a round and rocky
pool
Receives the splash of waters frothing
cool.
On either side, a mountain rose-bush
grows,
Starred over with the innumerable rose,
Wet with the waterfall's incessant
rain . . .
When shall I taste that happy wave
again?
Or tread thy sombre peak remote from
man,
O lonely many-fountained Lioran?

Mary Duclaux.

